

Halloween: Reborn

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Summary: A young girl named Gina is suddenly forced into the world of hiding from a cult the Cult of The Thorn. Her only protector is John Tate, the son of the late Laurie Strode. He must protect her, and keep himself safe from being Michael's final sacrifice.

## 1. Halloween: Reborn

Halloween:

><br>Reborn

><br>Started October 11th, 2003, at 3:43 am EST.

><br>"A long, long time ago, it was a night of great power. When the days grew short, the spirits of the dead, returned to their homes to warm themselves by the fire's side. All across the land, huge bonfires were lit. Ohhh, there was a marvelous celebration. People danced, and they played games, and they dressed up in costumes, hoping to ward off the evil spirits. Especially the boogey man."

><br>-Mrs. Minnie Blankenship

><br>Prologue

><br>It was a dark stormy night. The wind blew heavy and strong, and trees rustled upon quick gust of wind. It was rather chilly; so much so people would shiver from the bitter cold. There is a long road, which is windy and curvy, leading directly to a sign, which read; "Welcome To Haddonfield, Illinois. 'It's a nice place to live.' "

><br>Some distance away, nearly forty miles, is a Mental Institution, Smith's Grove Sanitarium, while famed serial killer, Michael Myers, the "Baby Sitter Slasher," had been from the day he murdered his sister Halloween night 1963 to Halloween 1978. Also, a Dr. Sam Loomis, a famed psychiatrist, had treated Myers for nearly fifteen years, until his escape from Smith's Grove. After his escape, he returned to Haddonfield, his birth town, where he murdered 5 civilians, 4 hospital employees, and one police officer. He had chased after his sister, who was now called Laurie Strode. Dr. Loomis blew himself up with Myers, and she was the only survivor of that horrible night.

><br> Several years later, both Myers and Loomis re-emerge. Laurie was believed to have died in a car accident with her son. Her only daughter, Jamie Lloyd, was left to fend for herself against the world. Myers made quick work with Haddonfield's residents, and chased Jamie until they were both rumored dead in a explosion at the Haddonfield Police Station. They would then again both reappear in 1996, when Jamie escaped from her capturerers, and was hunted, and assaulted by Myers, and would later die in hospital care. She had a son,, Stephen, who was found by original survivor Tommy Doyle. He, along with Kari Strode and her son, Danny, escaped into the night with the supposed last line of Myers' family. Dr. Loomis was given the power of Thorn.

><br> Thorn is the mark of evil; anyone who possesses it has great power. Myers had been under the control of Thorn since the night he killed his sister, and, with Tommy's control of that power, he was now stopped from the control by the power of the Thorn.

><br> Howeverâ€| Dr. Loomis died shortly thereafter. With no control, Myers was then on a rampant murder spree, in search of his relatives. He would find them on Halloween, 1998, 20 years after the first set of murders. Laurie had faked her death, and is now known as Keri Tate, the head mistress of a illustrious private school, secluded far away from the real world.. She was hiding out here with her 17 year old son, John. Together, they survived another grizzly night which left 6 dead. Myers was believed to be dead after Laurie chopped his head clean off with an ax,

><br> Only three years later, Myers returns once again. Laurie had accidentally killed the wrong person, a cop, who Michael had placed within the mask. She is now institutionalized, and Michael finds her, killing her by a stabbing, and then threw her off the top of a building, the top of the institution she had been within. Myers then returned homeâ€| to find out a reality computer broadcast, Dangertainment, was being held there. He murdered the contestants in that show, one by one, until one girl, Sara, and the creator of Dangertainment, Freddie, survived.

><br> But Halloween is coming up again, and Michael is going to return, back to Haddonfield, to kill again. But, in order to finally release his body from the eternal curse of Thorn, he must finish off the last surviving members of his bloodline. That's Stephenâ€| his nephew and son, Stephen, child of Jamie Lloyd's, and his nephew, John, Laurie's son. Michael Myers is out thereâ€| and he's waiting.

><br>Return To Haddonfield

><br>I met him, fifteen years ago. I was told there was nothing left. No reason, no conscience, no understanding; even the most rudimentary sense of life or death, good or evil, right or wrong. I met this six-year-old child, with this blind, pale, emotionless face and, the blackest eyes... the devil's eyes. I spent eight years trying to reach him, and then another seven trying to keep him locked up for I realized what was living behind that boy's eyes was purely and simply... Evil.

><br>-Dr. Sam Loomis

><br>Chapter 1

><br> "Where is she," the young girl screamed out, as she paced through the house. "She's over an hour late!"

><br> "Don't worry over it," another girl returned with a small look of worry upon her face. "She'll get here in time."

><br> "She's only got fifteen minutes, Gina," said the girl.

><br> "Well, we have fifteen minutes to wait then, don't we, Sheryl."

><br> Sheryl looked rather disappointed in Gina's rather unpleasant

attitude. They had to be to the Halloween dance at the Haddonfield Memorial High school that evening. Gina was rather distraught, her friend, Deanna, known more commonly around school (and by guys) as Bunny, for her rather kinky sexual preferences. They all planned to go together, to meet their dates. Gina was asked by Glen Tramer, a young local of Haddonfield, who lived on East Park and Elm. "He is a rather cute boy," she had said to her group of friends in the past. She looked at the clock; the time turned 6:17.

><br> "That's it," Sheryl exclaimed, standing up. "Gina, if you want to wait for Little miss fuckfuck, go ahead, but she's probably off boning some dickwad."

><br> "Look, she's not like tha-

><br> "Gina, you've been defending her for years! She is a whore! Get that through your thick skull!" Sheryl storms off, back toward the door. "And yeah, if she does show up, give her my regards!" She opens the door, going out it, and slamming it behind her. Gina turned and looked into her vanity mirror, as she began to gently fix her hair with a slightly over sized brush. She signed putting it down, as a small flock of hair went into her eyes, she saw a form of a man standing behind her.

><br> She quickly shot around to look behind her, and nothing was there. "What theâ€¦" she stood up, a bit afraid, and went out her bedroom door. Her closet door gently closed, as two eyes stared cold in silence, as there was a slam downstairs, the front door being shut.

><br> Gina hurried down the side walk, right to Sheryl's old 1988 LaBaron. She opened the door, and climbed into the passenger side seat.

><br> "I knew you'd change your tune eventually." Sheryl's car drove off down the street, towards the school.

><br> As they pulled off, Bunny appeared out of the bushes, a man holding her hand tightly. "You wouldn't believe the story behind this house," she said.

><br> "What is it Bunny?"

><br> They began to proceed toward the house, with careful steps. "Well, ever heard of Michael Myers, that serial killer who escaped from Smith's Grove in the 80's?"

><br> "Yeah, but I think it was 1978 when he escaped, my older brother told me all about it when I was like, ten. Just some old campfire tale.."

><br> "Yeah, well, whatever.. Its true." They enter the old house, and stand in the front entrance. "Welcome to his humble abode."

><br> "This was his house?!?" the boy exclaimed."

><br> "Yeah, it was, actually. He killed his sister Halloween night 1968 or something."

><br> "63', actually. My brother told me the entire tale. Lets seeâ€¦" he climbed up the stairs slowly. "He went up these stairsâ€¦" she began to follow him slowly up the stairs, as he walked. "Then, he went to his sisters room, like thisâ€¦" He walked straight into Gina's room, as Bunny rushed into the room quickly, sitting down at Gina's vanity table. "â€¦And just about where you're sittingâ€¦" he took a butcher knifeâ€¦ and stabbed his sister Laurie to death."

><br> "I knew something you don't," she interjected."

><br> "Oh yeah, what's that?"

><br> She began to sift through Gina's personal belongings, and came across something ratherâ€¦ odd. "â€¦Her sisters name is Judith. Check this out. Little miss perfect ain't so perfect." He shows a tube like item, as the man looked it over. "Is that what I think it isâ€¦"

><br> "Sammy boy, it's a dildo." They both began to chuckle.  
><br> "Well," he takes it, placing it down upon the vanity table. "Who cares about this Myers crap, or her sexual life." They both kissed, as she stood up, Sam wrapped his arms around her. Bunny slowly led him back toward the bed, pulling him on top of her. They began to have a hot and steamy make out session. Sam's hand began to travel into territories many times charted before (by many other guys.) As Bill sits up, he has her pinned from the waist down. He begins to unbutton his shirt, as the closet door slowly creaks open. A tall form, wearing a pair of overalls, and a very familiar white mask appears. Bunny begins to laugh as Sam takes off his shirt. Her attention is turned as she sees the form standing next to the bed hovering over them.

><br> "Sam," she screamed, "there's someone with a knife!" He turns, as the knife comes down, the both fall off the bed, as the knife rips through a pillow, feathers gently floating into the air, as he tosses the pillow away from him. Sam leaps at The Shape, knocking away the knife to just in front of Bunny's feet. The Shape side arms Sam across the face, knocking him to the ground. As he reaches for the knife, Bunny kicks it beneath he bed. The Shape looks up to her.

"Michaelâ€| Mâ€| M-Myers?!?"

><br> Michaels' burnt hand lashed out, and grabbed her around the throat. He began to choke the life out of her, until, from behind Myers, Sam tackles him into the vanity table, Myers head smashing right into the mirror. He dropped Bunny by this point, who began to crawl away. The Shape turned around, and caught Sam by the throat, pushing him into the wall. He began to slowly lift him into the air. His other hand reached out, to grab a knife or a weapon upon the vanity table; however, all he found was the dildo. He looked at it, in front of his face, the hard plastic purple, this weird alien form before him. He tilts his head lightly, looking at it, in wonderment.

><br> Meanwhile, Sam sends a kick right into Myers crotch. Myers is barely phased by it; he just looks up to Sam, with an evil look in his eye. He draws back the dildo, and sends it plummeting right through Sam's eye socket. Sam struggled, as a coat of blood splashed upon Myers mask. Within his grip, a cracking sound is heard; Sam's lifeless form drops to the floor.

><br> Bunny stands up, from the floor, and begins to struggle to get herself out of the room. Myers kneels by the bed, his hand grabbing the knife below. As he stands, he draws back the knife, and throws it much like a throwing knife. It connects, just as she was exiting the door of Gina's bedroom, right into the soft flesh of the back of her head. She lets out one terrifying scream, as she stumbles forward, falling over the banister, headlong, landing head down, her neck snapping like a twig. Her body folds over, and the only thing that can be seen is what seems to be a headless body. Myers looks down upon his handiwork, as though he were admiring it.

><br>Chapter 2

><br> The LaBaron slowly came into the student parking, stopping in one of the only free spaces at the school. The two ladies exited the car, and Sheryl locked it with her keys. They both proceeded to enter the auditorium, which was filled with people. Most of the people there dressed informally; after all, since the last Myers incident at Haddonfield, Halloween was forever banned. However, student get-to-gethers were allowed, and the student body was thrilled their new principal would give them the school auditorium for use for the dance.

><br> "Wow, I never knew Wynn could be so cool," said Sheryl, who was

looking all about. "I mean, how many times do the new principals give us a dance on the forbidden day?"

><br> "Not many," Gina returned, as David Brucener walked up to Sheryl. David was rather a popular kid with a knack for getting himself into some rather not too good situations in the past. He took Sheryl's arm, and proceeded to take her toward the dance floor. "Hey David, where's Glen?"

><br> He looks back to her, grinning, and continues to walk. "He's around here somewhere, just go find him."

><br> With that, Gina proceeded to walk through the crowd of people, and she accidentally bumps into a man. He has short white hair; and seems rather meaty for an older man. It was Professor Wynn, the new principal. "Good afternoon, Ms. Underwood. How are you liking the dance?"

><br> Gina looked up to him, and straight into his seemingly even, unending death eyes; and she shyly responds. "Its okay."

><br> "Well, mingle, do what you youngsters enjoy, have fun." He walks off, grabbing his wrist and rubbing it quite roughly as Gina could seeâ€| "maybe he had arthritis," she thought blankly, as she continued further into the jungle of people in the crowded auditorium. A large hand comes down upon her shoulder, grabbing it firmly.

><br> She jumped back, startled. She looks up, to see Glen Tramer. He has short brown hair, and green eyes, and a sly smile pressing across his face. "Hey there beautiful."

><br> Gina gently embraced Glen, and then took his hand. "Sorry I am lateâ€| have you seen Bunny or her date of the day?"

><br> "Fortunately, I haven't seen either her nor Sam."

><br> "She's dating Sam? Thick glasses and acne Sam?"

><br> "Same Sam. Only, he's recently got a lot less acne, and a lot more money. His family won the lottery or something, so he's loaded."

><br> Gina thought about that for a second, the idea of one of her closest friends being a whore and her not knowing it, was just too far off. She shook it off, and pulled Glen.

><br> "Hey, Ginaâ€| where we going?"

><br> "To dance," she said, with a smile. The loud roar of the music, the band, who began to play a slow song.

><br> "To be close to youâ€| would be worth a million dollarsâ€|" A soft, mellow slow dance beat came from this mostly hardcore rock band.

><br> "For you to be only mine, that would take a life timeâ€|"

><br> Gina's head gently rested upon Glens chest, as the softly swayed to the music.

><br> "For our love, to be ever strongâ€| that would be the greatest, Time of my life." The song picked up a bit during the phrase "Time of my life," as it seemed to go from mellow music to a sort of soft rock. The entire room was slow dancing, while, from within his office, Professor Wynn sits, looking at his wrist. Upon it is the mark of Thornâ€| the ability of control over Michael Myers himself. He gently laughed and cheerfully thought of the idea; while unsuspecting kids were dancing, the druid's were making a final sacrifice to the ancient God of Samhainâ€| in order to finally life the curse of Thorn off the Myers bloodline. Several druids stood at the outside doors, chaining them up; until the entire school was on total lock down, so no one could escape. In the kitchen, as Wynn watched from a monitor within his locked down office, The Shape slowly entered, as a druid securely locked that final door.

><br> The Shape slowly proceeded into the main part of the building,

and into the mens bathroom. A single person stood in front of a urinal, taking a piss. The Shape came up from behind him, and the man looked to him.

><br> "Who are you supposed to be," the man said, "Jason Voorhees on crack?" He lets out a small chuckle from his joke.

><br> "Hey, 'Freddy,' where are those long finger nails? They make ya look like a hooker!" He begins to chuckle some more at this point, barely being able to contain himself.

><br> "So, come on you loser, fucking kill me already." He begins to laugh really loud now, barely be able to contain himself.

><br> He laughs, but not for long. The laugh soon turned into a shriek of terror, as Myers hand plunged straight through the man's chest, leaving a large dent upon the wall behind him. Myers removed the hand, turned around, and headed back to the kitchen. There, as he entered; was a perfect, brand new, set of kitchen knives. Myers slowly approached, his bloody hand closing around the handle of the biggest blade, which he removed from its wooden casingâ€| the fresh blade shining within the light. He turned back around, and began to head toward the auditorium.

><br> Wynn watched in total delight as he witness the final ritual part of his grand scheme to end the freed maniac. Wynn began to laugh, as his diabolical plot was beginning to come to a head.

><br> However, someone knew what was about to come to aheadâ€| and had other plans for Dr. Wynn.

><br>Chapter 3

><br> One of the druid guards, wearing a fresh clean red silk robe, stood outside the door, looking inside at the auditorium. He looked at his watch; 8 PM. The show was about to begin. Myers slowly entered the auditorium, as a druid guard came from behind, locking the final doors. It seemed no one saw Myers until a young man, with a spiky hair and a drink in his hand, walked toward Myers.

><br> "Hey everybody," he said with a slurred speech sound within his voice, "they have entrainment. They got someone to dress up at Myers!" The dance seemed to suddenly stop then, everyone's attention turning toward the man dressed in the Myers costume. The one boy approached, holding a drink still. "Yo, maan, have a drink on us!" He throws the cup of beer into his face, as he began to laugh. The rest of the crowd began to laugh, as the boy turned around his arm sticking straight out, pointing at the Shape, as he turned to the crowd. "He's all wet, guys!"

><br> Myers lifted the knife into the air, and brought it down in one straight swoop. The boys hand, still holding a cup, hit the floor. The boy turned, looking to his arm, which was now short his hand, as he looked down to the floor, where his hand lay. He began to scream, as did the crowd, as Myers plunged a knife into his head.

><br> The crowd began to rush to the doors, as they tried to escape. Chains were upon the outside; they were all stuck within. One man, with his courage (or maybe it was stupidity) took the spoon for the punch, and hit Myers over the head with it. Myers slowly turned around, grabbing the metal spoon, which he now plunged into the boys throat, piercing right through the back. Another guy rushed with a wooden chair, which he snapped over Myers back. A broken piece of wood slowly fell towards the ground, but never made it. Myers grabbed it mid air, and much as though he were a vampire killer, he plunged it into a boys heart, who began to scream, as he became quieted as blood gurgled within his throat. He went the drunks body, pulling the knife from his skull. He proceed towards the crowd, with the knife still held firmly within his hand.

><br> "Let us out, let us out" the party goers cried to the druid,

who stood there and laughed at the horrendous events that were happening within the auditorium. He watched as Myers further continued into the crowd, using his blade to slice and dice the teenagers, as blood poured upon the ground from gaping wounds. Gina and Glen both fought their way through, as she began to scream aloud.

><br> "Who is that, for the love of God, leave us alone!"

><br> Myers attention suddenly shot away from the other party goers, as they totally focused upon Gina. They seemed to both have a stare down at that very moment, as Glen began to pull her away, Myers slowly began to follow the two of them.

><br> Outside, the druid's laugh from the horrorified students was suddenly stopped, as his face smashed into the metal guarded window. A young man wearing druid garb took a bolt cutter, and cut the chain lose. He back away, as the door flew open, and the surviving students began to rush out of the building and toward the cars.

><br> Inside, Wynn stood up, grabbing his radio. "Outpost 7, why is that door open?!?"

><br> The man in the druid garb picked up the radio, and said in it, "Your guard is currently unavailableâ€| you're talking to John Tateâ€| you know who I am?"

><br> "You're Laurie Strode's son?"

><br> "Bingo. This guard is dead, and you're next." John dropped the radio, and the moment he saw Gina, he grabbed her, and began to pull her away. Glen stepped in.

><br> "Let her go," Glen said, as Gina struggled.

><br> "Come with me if you want to live," he said, as Gina's eyes met his.

><br> The world seemed to stop for only that very moment, until Gina spoke. "We can trust him, lets get out of here!" The three of them rushed away, until Gina stopped. "Wait, where's Sheryl?"

><br> "They went to the hockey rink."

><br> "We have to get them!"

><br> John looked to her. "We can't stop, Myers is in there, and if we don't get away, he'll kill us all, especially you, Gina."

><br> "Whaâ€| why me?"

><br> "No time to explain, we got to go!"

><br> "No! Not without Sheryl!" She turned and ran back toward the building.

><br> "No, Gina, come back," screamed Glen, who began to run after her.

><br> "Shit," John, said, nervous, as he began to head after the two, who both headed back into the auditorium. As Gina arrived, she screamed. Only the scattered bodies were there, covering all of the groundâ€| blood stains upon the walls and all over the floors. As for Myersâ€| he was no where to be found.

><br>Chapter 4

><br> David sat upon a bench, just outside the rink. He watched Sheryl as she skated around the rink. He was taking off his shoes at this point, while two ice skates were next to him. He looked out to Sheryl, who whimsically just skated upon the ice.

><br> "You know I can't ice skate, baby," he said, pulling on a heavy sigh.

><br> "Oh, quit your bitching," she said to him, "and get your ass out here and skate with me."

><br> "Fine fine." He drops his shoes upon the ground, as he grabbed for his ice skate right next to him. He notices one is missing. He looks out straight. "Hey, Sheryl!"

><br> "Yeah," she replied, not really paying attention.

><br> "Where's the other skate?"

><br> "Huh?"

><br> "Where's the other sk-" his voice was suddenly cut off, as his mouth was clamped over with a bloody, scarred hand. Another appeared, holding the ice skate, blade outward, moving it for David's neck. He tried to fight and scream, but it was too late. Myers slid the ice skate over David's neck, blood pouring out in a squirt, running down his body. Myers let him go, and he grabbed his throat, and began to walk into the rink. He started to try and run toward Sheryl, but the ice was far too slippery.

><br> As Sheryl turned, she said "David, where the fu-" she screamed, seeing David covered in blood. He dropped straight into the ice, and as she looked up, she saw it. Myers, dropping a bloody ice skate, and walking onto the ice after her. She screamed as loud as she could, as Myers stepped slowly onto the ice. It seemed very slippery, but, Myers seemed to retain his balance. She screamed once again, falling down, landing upon her ass, as Myers approached her.

><br> "Oh, Godâ€¦ don't hurt me, please!"

><br> "Sheryl," screamed Gina, who ran into the hockey rink, running through the bleachers down to the rink itself.

><br> "Wait! Don't go," cried Glen, who came behind them.

><br> John began to scream. "You two, get down, now!" They ducked down, as John drew a handgun. He aimed it at Myers, who was now standing over Sheryl. He fired off one bullet, which whizzed by Michael, slamming right into the ice below him. John fired off another shot, which hit the ice right by Myers other feet, and it began to crack. As Myers began to bright the blade down, at Sheryl, John fired off a third, which hit Myers in the back, as he fell forward, Sheryl rolled out of the way, Myers hit the ice, breaking through, sinking into the pool below.

><br> "Get the fuck out of there Sheryl!" As she began to pull herself up, Myers hand burst through the ice, grabbing Sheryl by the foot. She screamed, as she began to pull her, her ice skate came off. She grabbed for it, and took it, and began to slice away at Myers hand, which returned down into the depths of the pool. Sheryl kicked the other ice skate off, and crawled on hands and knees to where the others were, as they were reunited.

><br> "Oh God Ginaâ€¦ Davidâ€¦ he'sâ€¦ he'sâ€¦" she began to sob, as John came up, pushing them all up.

><br> "No time to grieve for the dead," he said, pulling them all up. "We need to go right now. Myers will get out of there any second."

><br> "He had to have-" Sheryl was suddenly cut off, as the ice smashed, and Myers body appeared. The group screamed, and ran for all high hell back toward the Auditorium, to escape. The halls were now empty; no one was around. The druids were all gone at this point, and as the ran out to a jeep, which John jumped into. He fumbled around with the keys, until he was able to put it into the ignition, and then, they were gone in less then sixty seconds.

><br>Chapter 5

><br> John's jeep sped down the road as though Satan himself was on their heels (Though that wasn't too far from the truth). He switched the car into another gear, as the Jeep ripped further down the road.

><br> Sheryl began to get really nervous. "Who was that? Who the fuck was that."

><br> "Who do you think it was," cut in Glen, "it was Michael fucking Myers. And that guy up there is John Strode, his nephew."

><br> Gina turned to him and looked to him. "Why did he do that to those students?"

><br> "I met this guy about a year ago, named Tommy Doyle. My mother,



Michael's sister, was baby sitting him the night he came home. He was locked up since 1963, Halloween night, the night he killed his sister, my aunt, Judith. He came how to kill my motherâ€¦ however, A Dr. Loomis tried to kill him. He didn't die, and neither did Myers. My mom faked my and hers death, and my sister, Jamieâ€¦ Michael killed her, too. He's after anyone who is part of the blood line. There's only two of us, me, and my nephew, Stephen.

><br> "Well, Tommy and I met up, and we began to discuss Myers. He's controlled by a druid cult, and only comes out on the night of Samhain-"

><br> "Halloween night," cut in Gina, who was listening closely.

><br> "Precisely. Now, Myers was under the control of Thorn by that man, Dr. Wynn."

><br> "Our Principal," Glen said in, totally in shock.

><br> "Yes, he gave the power to Dr. Loomis. However, he died in 1997... The power was then released, and Myers was on a non-stop killing spree. He'd kill anyone who was in his familyâ€¦ or lived in his house. Gina, he thinks your part of his familyâ€¦ he went there to kill you."

> "What," she asked, her face suddenly turning really pale. "But that means, he'd be after my dad and little brotherâ€¦ right?"<br>

> "What?" John exclaimed, looking back at Gina. "They live there too? Where are they?"<br>

> "They went to Gordon to go trick or treatingâ€¦ but they'll be back at the house any minute now. Jesus, would Myers go there?"<br>

> "Yes, he wouldâ€¦"<br>

> "Will heâ€¦"<br>

> "I'm sorry."<br> "We have to turn around," she said. "I can't let them die."

><br> "I'm sorry," John said, hanging his head.

> "You son of a bitch. I can't lose themâ€¦"<br>

> "He killed my mother, too."<br>

> "What the hell does that have to do with it?"<br>

> "We got lucky, that we weren't killed. We need to get as far away from Haddonfield as we can, before he kills us too."<br>

> Gina pulled the gun out of John's pants, putting it to his head.

"Turn this car around, right now!"<br>

> John stopped the car, and made a turn, turning it around. "Fine, but you can give me my gun backâ€¦"<br>

> "Noâ€¦ not till I know they're safe."<br>

> Glen's head hung low. "My uncleâ€¦ Benâ€¦ he was killed that Halloween nightâ€¦"<br>

> "What?"<br>

> "He was murdered that night. Ben Tramer, my uncle. He was hit by a carâ€¦ died in the explosionâ€¦ Godâ€¦ its justâ€¦ Jesusâ€¦"<br>

> "I'm sorry Glen," said Gina, touching his face lightly. "It'll be all right. As soon as I have my dad and brother out of there, we'll be gone from this rat hole, forever, I promise." She held the gun upon John's head, as the Jeep roared past the sign 'Welcome to Haddonfield. It's a nice place to live.' John lowly snickered, as the Jeep came back upon the old town.<br>

> Meanwhile, Gina's father, Daniel, and her brother, Chris, stepped inside the house, which was oddly quiet., and dark. He tried to switch on the light, but to no avail. "Shit," he said under his breath. "The lights are all fucking dead. Chris, go to your bedroom, and I'll go downstairs to check it out." He went down the stairs, as Chris went up the stairs. He came down upon the basement, which was even darker than the upstairs. He walked to the circuit breaker, which was turned off. He flipped the switch, and the light in the

basement turned back on. He smiled, however, not noticing the two eyes watching him from a dark corner of the basement. As he proceeded back toward the stairs, a can fell on the ground.<br>

> "Whose there?" He jumped a bit, seeing the can roll toward him, stopping when it hit his foot. He proceeded to the dark part, looking there. Myers was not there, for he did not see anything. "Probably just some fucking kid trying to play a practical joke." As he turned, he had no time to react; for at the back part of a hammer buried deep within his skull. He let out one scream of pain and terror, as his body limply fell to the ground. Myers proceeded to a tool box, grabbing an exacto-knife from it, proceeding up the staircase, up to his old bedroom and straight for Chris.<br>

>Chapter 6<br>

> Chris settled down in his room, looking all about. It was still dark; the power turned on for a second, then, turned immediately back off. He looks down at his bed, and notices something. He reaches down and touches it; someone spilled something in his room. When he raised it to see it in the moon light; he saw it was a red fluid upon his fingers. As he looked down, he saw a hand upon the ground, sticking out from underneath his bed. He slowly arose, stepping back, bumping into a wall. He could see a bit further now, and he saw a bloody arm. He began to shake lightly, his mouth just slightly hanging, as he knelt down, lying flat upon the floor, looking up, seeing no body around. He lied down perfectly flat now, looking. He screamed, the moment he saw Sam's sliced up body beneath the bed. As he rose up to run out of the room, he was suddenly stopped; he saw the vision of a man in front of him; just standing there.<br>

> "Dad?" The form just stood there, pulling a small blade from his side pocket. He slowly backed up, and screamed. "Daddy help me! Daddy!" As the form began to approach into the room, it was suddenly pulled backwards, as a fight ensued. Then, two gun shots were heard. Then, a loud crash. Chris slowly walked out, and standing there, was a boy, holding a gun pointing outward. He looked to the banister, which was now broken. As he approached closer, he figured out what happened. Glen, who was standing next to him, and pushed him away from the door. Glen had a small cut upon his arm, which showed there was an encounter. He then shot him twice, and the Shape he saw fell through the banister, and down, right through the floor, into the basement. As Gina and John and Sheryl rushed into the house, Gina screamed. She saw her father lying on the floor of the basement, dead.<br>

> "Oh God! daddy!" Gina said, lightly gasping for air. She turned away, and headed outside the house, back towards the Jeep. Glen grabbed Chris by the arm, and began to hurry him away from the house. John looked to Sheryl, who went to inspect the hole.<br>

> "Damn it," John said, looking to her. "Get away from there!"<br>

> "But he's-" she was cut off, as Myers pulled himself up, exacto-knife within his hand. He lifted it up, and sliced downwardly. John pulled Sheryl out of the way, but not quick enough; Myers left a deep gash within her leg. As Myers began to rise up from the hole, John grabbed Sheryl and ran straight for the car. Glen stopped, and looked. He began to walk toward Myers, handgun within his hand. He fired off the remaining bullets, until the clip was totally empty. Myers hadn't budged one bit. He then unzipped his coveralls, and just like the Clint Eastwood movie, pulled off a furnace plate, zipping it back up. He then, like a discus, threw it, hitting Glen right in the stomach, throwing him out into the street. <br>

> "Glen! Get out of the road," Gina screamed. Glen slowly stood up, and turned around. A Sedan drove right into him, his body curling

upon the front of the car. A blood splatter landed upon the windshield, covering it. The driver swerved, right into a van. Upon the impact, all of Glen's bones broke, snapping as though you'd stepped on a rib of twigs. The van and car both exploded into a ball of flames, as the onlookers watched in horror.<br>

> "Glen, oh God Glen!"<br>

> "He's gone, its too late for him," cried John, As Myers approached their car, he pulled them all inside. Myers got closer and closed to the Jeep, as John turned it on, putting it into the highest gear, and blasting down the road, and straight out of Haddonfield.<br>

>Interlude: Smith's Grove, 1964.<br>

> The following is from a manuscript written by the late Dr. Samuel Loomis. Its from a diary entry he included within the text.<br>

>14, March, 1964.<br>

> Today, I have a another four our session with the Myers patient. This case is extremely different from other patients I've cared for in the past. Myers is not any normal human boyâ€| his catatonia is a blindfold, that seems to cover every other human being but myself. I can see into his eyes, I can see beyond this catatonic boy who one day accidentally murdered his site, I see something, evil. He had the darkestâ€| evil eyesâ€| and beneath themâ€| I see Satan himself, inhabiting this boys own soul. <br>

> I've recommended, from seeing this boys true inner evil, that he be placed within the maximum security ward of Smith's Grove sanitarium. However, the other doctors don't believe that Myers is as evil as I say. My own files weren't even used in the case. I was totally ignored, and I know, one day, he will return home, to Haddonfieldâ€|<br>

> For hours, he stares out the window, looking. I've estimated the exact direction and coordinates of where he stares, and it's right in the direct crash course to Haddonfieldâ€| I know that's where he wants to go to, that's where his unfinished work will be.<br>

> I know there is something more to this caseâ€| I interviewed the baby sister, a Ms. Emma Caufield, (who eventually got married, and changed her name to Emma Blankenship), who was there that night, Halloween 1963, but had left early. She poke of nothing; she said Michael was just rather quiet that night, but however, nothing else seemed out of place. She decided to head home early, for they had gotten a call earlier from the Myers, that they would soon be home. And just an hour later, Judith was murdered with a kitchen knife.<br>

> I still believe the answer lies with the Caufield woman, who lived, and still lives, right across the street from the Myers' home. Its oddâ€| things don't seem to add up. How could no one on that street have heard Judith Myers scream that night? And even moreâ€| why, and where, did his parents go that night? I have not been able to contact them, for they have been, for the longest time, been avoiding contact with me. However, I do plan to talk to them, and maybe I will get some answersâ€|<br>

> Within a day, I will be going to the appeal, and, in an attempt to put this evil to rest, I will ask that Myers be admitted into the maximum security ward for the rest of his damned existence.<br>

>18, March, 1964<br>

> The Myers boy still remains in this damn minimum security ward, for the doctor's here are all damned blind. Myers is not seen as a threat by any of them, they don't know himâ€| if they only would just listen to me, or spend time with the boyâ€| they would understand. But for

the time being, there isn't much of anything I can. All I can do is try to find the secretâ€¦ that missing piece of this puzzleâ€¦ to answer the question; "why did he kill his sister?"<br>

> For the time being, I'm going to become a watcherâ€¦ keeping an eye out on Myersâ€¦ for the next few yearsâ€¦ until I can finally see him go on trial for the murder of his sister. Maybe he'll be given the chairâ€¦ no matter how morbid I may sound, I know its for the bestâ€¦ an evil like this doesn't deserve to live in this world, for he is like a plague; whether people believe me or not, I feel, deep down inside my inner being, Myers isn't done killing, not yet. I can feel his evilâ€¦ when I stand next to him, I can literally feel it, as though a fire were burning, its something so powerful, it can't even be explained with words. Its just purely and simplyâ€¦ evil.<br>

> For this purpose, I am going to keep pushing to get Myers into a higher security ward at Smith's Grove, or maybe even a transport to elsewhere. No one, not even myself, is ready to face a being of his power. I know this may sound crazyâ€¦ but Myers isn't man. He isn't even Myers. He's some sort ofâ€¦ demon. He's just got the look of a young boyâ€¦ there isn't even a soul inside him. Its justâ€¦ this darkness. Evil, in its truest, uncorrupted form. I must look at this new obstacle, the doctors whom won't listen to me, as part of fates plan. Howeverâ€¦ why did fate, or Godâ€¦ or whatever damned being that controls this planet, have to use a child's body? <br>

> My only guess is that no one would ever have expected a young child to be a murder, or to ever contain the pure essence of evil within its shell, for as I believe, Myers soul and human parts are all dead, this is just a shell, that some evil being uses, for what ever purpose is may have. I cannot believe thisâ€¦ I need someone to believe meâ€¦ before its too late.<br>

>21, April, 1963<br>

> The Myers case, to the outside world, has been exactly the same for the past several months, since his admittance here at Smith's Grove. However, there are subtle differences I have noticed over the past months. Myers does have some sort of capabilities to understand and comprehend what people say. I know it, because sometimes, I notice him, glancing over to me. The other doctors don't believe me, butâ€¦ I know he does it. He's taunting me, trying to get me unnervedâ€¦ however, I've never screamed, or gotten scared of anything in my life, and I don't plan to start letting that happen now.<br>

> I can't seem to be able to reach him, but I will do my best to release this boy from his own evil controlâ€¦ for I can still slightly sense there is a bit of humanity, the slightest, bit of humanity still within him. However, the days shortly grow short, before it'll be too late to stop this "change" that is taking place within Michael all the time. Its like, there is too being's inside Michael, at a constant battle with one another, one side being victorious. Could this be the answer to returning Michael back to his human counterpartâ€¦?<br>

>15, July, 1964<br>

> The Myers case is still my oddest to date. I've been with the boy coming up on nine months, and here still seems to be no change in his current status. However, I can still sense that evil permeating from the boys, as best as I can explain it, his own inner being. The war I aforementioned is now overâ€¦ the good lost the battle, forever. The boys human side is gone, and all that seems to be left within him is this evil force that drives his own existence to continue on in the living realm. Michael Myers is an abomination of God himself I've never seen a patient with such a blank, paleâ€¦ evil feeling around him. The boy is youngâ€¦ however, he doesn't respond to any outside stimuliâ€¦ but its all a hoax; I know him too wellâ€¦ all too

wellâ€|<br>

> The notes end here, however, the rest of the manuscript seemed to have disappeared shortly after Loomis' death. Shortly there after, these pages were found, and are the only known pages of the original manuscript. It is popularly believed that Loomis entrusted the manuscript with some person, however, there is no information to prove that this is such.<br>

>Escape to Wisconsin<br>

>"He was my patient for fifteen years. He became an obsession with me until I realized there neither reason nor understanding or anything about him that was...even remotely human. An hour ago I stood up and fired six shots into him and he just got up and walked away. I am talking about the real possibility that he is <br>

>still out there! -Dr. Sam Loomis<br>

>Chapter 7<br>

> "Where are we going," asked Sheryl, whose leg was now bandaged up from the attack earlier. "I mean, this guy just comes out of no where, and now is like, kidnapping us. I want some answers now, buddy."<br>

> "Just ask and I will answer."<br>

> "Where are we going."<br>

> "Somewhere that is safe."<br>

> "â€|That didn't answer my question."<br>

> There seemed to be a moment of silence, where John Tate seemed to just remain extremely quiet. "We're headed to Wisconsin," he then replied, looking back to Sheryl, then back to the dark night's rode. "There is someone there that you all need to meet."<br>

> "Who?"<br>

> "Tommy Doyle."<br>

> "You mean to tell me, that we're going to go meet Tommy Doyle," responded Gina, looking to John. "What does he have to provide, and more importantly, why are you trying to help us?"<br>

> "Its not just me and Stephen who are in trouble. You, and Chris, are all in danger. And alsoâ€|"<br>

> "Yesâ€|?"<br>

> "My girlfriend Molly, she's pregnant with my child," his voice suddenly became very intolerable; as he looked back to them all. "She's as much in danger as anyone else here. Kara, and Danny Strodeâ€| relatives of the family who adopted my motherâ€| are there too. They too are in danger, any inhabitant of the Myers house is in danger."<br>

> "That's not the only reason, is it John? You came to Haddonfield for another reason, didn't you," asked Gina, looking to John rather suspiciously."<br>

> "Yesâ€| my mothers bodyâ€| it was stolen from the morgue two years ago, just after that son of a bitch killed her," he said, his tone rather turning slightly emotional. "He killed her, and stole her body, and now he's playing a gameâ€| but the game is over. Its now a warâ€| it's us, against him."<br>

> The car then became terribly silent. Chris, who was stuck right in the middle of all this, just looked out the back of the Jeep, as it seemed a car had been tailing them this entire time. Chris did not pay much attention to if, for what child does? He just turned around, lied down in the seat of the Jeep, placing his head upon his sisters lap, and falling into a deep somber sleep. Gina had her mind on other matters at this point; she was just attempting to take in everything of the past few hours events. The school. Dad. Glen. All those people were dead, killed by this maniacal maniac. She knew something had to be done, but what? What would she do? Michael Myers was inhumanâ€| murdering over a hundred people at this point. When would Michael's

reign of terror come to an end, if it ever did?<br>

> Sheryl remained quiet. This was really fucked up at this point, she had no fucking clue what was going on. All she knows is her boyfriend was just murdered with an ice skate, and she nearly got drowned, and turn into ground beef tonight. Oh, and yeah, it would now seem her best friends are all dropping off like flies. Could this day get any worse? She figured, if things are this bad, they couldn't get any much more worse. She, being in the passenger side seat, leaned up against the car door. The door opened, and she began to fall out of the car. She screamed, but, just before she tumbled out and almost became road kill, John's hand grabbed her, pulling her back into the car.<br>

> "Are you okay," he asked, looking to her.<br>

> "I'm fin- look out!"<br>

> John turned, as a semi was right in front of him. He screamed, as did the rest of the passengers, as he made a quick turn, narrowly missing the 18 wheeler by just a few feet, which was now wildly honking its horn at them. He stopped the Jeep, and looked to them all. <br>

> "Are we all okay?"<br>

> "I'm fine," said Gina, looking down at her brother Chris. "Wow, the little fucker slept through it all," as Chris let out a small snore, and they all laughed nervously. <br>

> "I'm okayâ€| thanks to you," said Sheryl, looking fondly at John. "You saved me."<br>

> "It's just my duty as a fell-" he was cut off, as she kissed him. <br>

> "Thank you," she said. He turned back toward the road. <br>

> "I can'tâ€| my girl-"<br>

> "No no, it was just a thank you kiss. Just hope my luck holds up for a bit longer, until we are really able to get through this all."<br>

> "Well all will," he said, "because Tommy may have discovered the key to destroying Myers once and for all."<br>

>Chapter 8<br>

> Smith's Grove Sanitarium stood just forty miles outside Haddonfield. It was a darkish, looming building, which seemed to have an eerie feeling attached to it. This was the same place where Myers was institutionalized, and the same place where Laurie Strode had been taken after her accidental murder of a police officer, the place Myers killed her at. However, the place was no longer used, since Laurie's murder. Since then, after two years, it's become rather abandoned, and now, unlike the years it had been used, nearly 70, it was now just a shadow of its former self, in a manner of speaking.<br>

> For some reason, as no one would notice, because this building was so secluded from the world, so deeply hidden, no one saw a light passing through the old sanitarium. It was the light of a flash light. A figure in all black walked through the darkness, deep into the recesses of the old, dead, building. The man's face was only visible underneath his hat; for mere sun light glimpses would so a part of his broad chin, a small glance here of his nose. He came up to a part that wasn't part of any known sanitarium. It looked like a cavern; as though, it had been dug centuries ago by people of ages past.<br>

> The man in black arrived within a room, where there was an altar. Upon the altar, was a small box. He proceeded up to the box, pulling out a small tablet, with a marking upon it. The mark of Thorn. He then pulled out a dagger. The blade was 10 inches long; and encrusted upon the blade were several markings of different runes, one's of

disaster, power, corruptionâ€¦ all of evil powers of the runes. He took the dagger, and lifted his hand up. Several druid's proceeded into the room, as did Michael, right behind them. Michael slowly walked up to the man on black, who removed his hat. It was Dr.

Terrance Wynn.<br>

> "Michael," he spoke, in a strong, demanding voice. "This will be the end of your journey. You only need to kill the final survivorsâ€¦ and you will track them down, and once and for all, finish this. You've been stuck with the curse for far too long. However, you must return the boy, Chris, and her sister, Gina, back to us, unharmed. We need them, Michael." He took the blade, and gently cut his hand, which now dripped blood. Michael's arm raised into the air, turning it, so the inside of his arm showed the mark of Thorn upon it. Wynn's hand grabbed it, the blood seeming to run into the mark of Thorn on Myers' arm. Michael's eyes seemed to widen for that single moment, until Wynn pulled back, as Michael turned away, and began to head away.<br>

> The druids all watched as Wynn raised his hand into the air. The wound had sealed; now, the mark of Thorn was showed upon his wrist. "I once more control Michael," he told the crowd, who all watched him from the darkness of the cavernous room, the only light or flickering candles and two torches behind Wynn. "Loomis was far too weak, he could not control the power anymore. Michael's journey is now over, once he completes this task. Everyone, prepare for the trading ritual." He slowly stepped down, and headed away, as the other druids began to follow him out of the cave. As if out of the a movie, the lights went dim, and the room went completely into the dark.<br>

>Chapter 9<br>

> The jeep slowly came up through some wooded area, where it finally stopped. Tree's surrounded the entire area. They had driven for at least a half an hour through woods until they came up to this place. There stood this looming cabin, just set back in the woods, with another jeep, this one a dark blood red color, parked next to it.<br>

> During the entire four day drive, they barely stopped. They had two food breaks, and basically ate as the drove. They stopped four times for gas, and at this point, the tank was nearly running on empty. They were all tired and weary, none of them really had slept. All they could think about is the people who were killedâ€¦ those lost lives due to those peopleâ€¦ Gina began to think; "Why me? What did I ever do to deserve this? I've had enough shit happen in my life, and now my dad is gone? And why am I going crazy over this all?"<br>

> "We're here," John said, a slight yawn, which he tried to hide (But to no avail), as he walked up to the front door, knocking three times. He waited for about five minutes, before he knocked the more times. The door swung open a shotgun barrel pressing into Johns chest. Out walked a man, with blue eyes and slightly messy black hair, who looked to John. <br>

> "Good to see you, John," the man said, dropping the shotgun.<br>

> "You too, Tom." They gave each other a hug, before breaking it. Two young women stepped out from the small cabin. One was about in her late twenties; the other, in her early twenties. The older female had long, curly red hair, which was more of an orange color tint to it. She had dark brown eyes, and walked behind Tommy, as she looked to them. The younger woman has blood hair with the slightest hint of brown high lights; she had to, icy blue eyes, which seemed to penetrate the inner soul of Sheryl, as though she was telling her "Back up, bitch, this is my man." The younger girl's stomach as

protruding, showing off her pregnancy.<br>

> "Gina, Sheryl, and Chrisâ€| this is Tommy Doyle, Kara Strode, and Mollyâ€| my girlfriend."<br>

> They all gave each other a small wave, as they entered the cabin, the door shutting. Just out in the distance, out of viewing range, was a small car, with several men inside. One lifted up a cb radio to his ear, and spoke out these words; "We found the rebel group, they are at a secluded cabin deep in the woods. I am sending the coordinates as we speak."<br>

> "Thank you," a scratchy sound voice came over the radio, "This is Wynn, over and out."<br>

>Chapter 10<br>

> Gina looked all around the inside of the cabin, especially this room she was now led to. It reminded her of a command bunker out of a movie; there was a hidden camera consol set up, showing the area all around the cabin and the woods. There was a giant computer consol, which was an old style radio, used by cops. There was some chatter over it; police banter, it was picking up the police radio. <br>

> The walls were covered in hundreds of news paper clippings; some saying things such as "More Murders In Haddonfield," Michael Myers Strikes Again," "Survivor Laurie Strode Murdered," and many more. One caught her eye; it was a picture of a young boy, just sitting there, with a scared look. Next to it, was a picture of Tommy as she saw, only a few years younger. The headline read "Tommy Doyle Survives Halloween Massacre."<br>

> "John, check this out." John walked over to Tommy, who was typing away at the computer. There appeared the mark of Thorn once again, as he began to read.<br>

> Gina couldn't hear much of what the conversation was, except for these words; "â€|cannot be turned off by conventional means."<br>

> "What are you talking about," said Sheryl, who had only heard those words, "a bad kitchen oven?"<br>

> "No," replied John, who looked to her. "On the night of Samhain, Michael is controlled by the power of this old curse, called Thorn."<br>

> "Thorn is an old curse placed upon a person," Tommy said, who continued John's thought. "Once every generation, a person is chosen to be given the power of Thorn. See, Thorn is an old ritualistic druid hooblah, which states that anyone with this power can bring plague and destruction to the world. One boy, this one being Michael, was chosen to wield the power of Thorn. He was given these 'powers' in order to kill his family."<br>

> "Why would he need to kill his family," said Gina, who looked to Tommy, bewildered by Tommy's revelations.<br> "See, the sacrifice of one family meant sparing the lives of an entire tribe. But, there was something that went wrong. Michael didn't finish the job when he should have. There are several survivorsâ€| John there, Stephenâ€| and Molly's coming child. However, Michael's power can't be turned off. It seems he sees any inhabitant of the Myers home is a member of his family. Meaning, anyone who has been in there or lived there, is in eminent danger."

><br> "That means," Kara said, walking up to Gina, "that me and my son are in danger as well. So are you and your brother. Sheryl has been in your house before, she isn't safe either. There was a girl, Sara, who survived the 'internet web cast' attack, and a man named Freddie. They, both now being celebrities, are under the protection of popularity. However, we are not."

><br> "So," Tommy continued, "Stephen, who me and Kara took as our son, is now 8. He's in school, as is Danny. They, the druids, want to



finish off the family line. However, as long as we are alive, Michael cannot stop killing innocent people. He can't be killedâ€¦ yes, he can be killed, however, Thorn rejuvenates his damaged body, resurrecting him many times over. He's been shot, hung, stabbed, blown up, burned, nothing is able to kill him off. He's just like a Energizer battery, he just keeps going, and going, and going."

><br> "This is all insanity," said Sheryl, who looked to them all. "This is just a bad dream I'm having. I know I'll wake up any minute from it."

><br> "Sheryl," John said, going over to her, pointing down to her leg. "Does that look, or did it feel, like a dream? I'm sorryâ€¦ but you're in this for the long haul."

> "So what am I supposed to do, join some 'ragtag' group of people who hide for the rest of their lives, fearing the 'boogeyman'? God, you people, what's wrong with you!" She looked to the entire group, who were all just looking at her. "You're hiding from him, you should all stand up and fight!"<br>

> "My mother tried to do just that," John said, looking to her. "Her own brother stabbed her in the back, literally. He killed her. We can't fight him, not without a strategy first. You have no idea what he's capable of."<br>

> "Then, we don't have to worry about him, do we," said Gina, as they all looked up to her. "It's not Halloween, he can't come after us, can he?"<br>

> "No, he can't," said Tommy, looking to Gina. "Only on Samhain. We don't have to worry about him for another 362 days." The entire group then nervously laughed at Tommy's small joke. "Besides, that's another year to discuss a plan of attackâ€¦ there's always next year."<br>

> "Like John may have told you, I may have found how to defeat Michael Myers once and for all." He stood up, and walked over to a safe, which he entered a combination. He opened it up, and pulled something out, closing it behind him. He then turned around, walking up to the group, placing down a large manuscript in front of them. "Just before Dr. Loomis died, he mailed this manuscript to me, and this note." He opened up the first page, and scribed upon the inside cover of the manuscript was a written note. However, it was rather shakily written, like it had been written by a child, or a person with arthritis. Tommy began to read it;<br>

> "Tommy,<br>

> This manuscript I've sent you is my entire life's work with Michael. To this point, I completed this just before the events on Halloween night 1996... It's everything and anything you need to know on Michael Myers. The reason I have sent this to you, is because I was diagnosed with an advanced stage of cancer, and I am dying. I can no longer be the lighthouse guardian anymore, in a few short weeks, I know I shall pass on. However, this manuscript will continue on my legacy, my workâ€¦ to one day rid the world of Michael Myers, once and for all.<br>

> Most likely, by the time you receive this, I will be dying. Thanks to nurse Marion Whittington, I just wanted you to let you know my final days on Earth are not painful, but rather relaxing. In my sending this manuscript to you, I just wanted to let you know I can die not a beaten man, but a happy one. For I know I am entrusting this manuscript to someone who will finally be able to finish Michael off once and for all.<br>

> Tommy, Please, I beg you, be carefulâ€¦ one day you will finally stand up to Michael once and for all, and I just don't want to see you up here at the Pearly Gates too soon.<br>

>Forever you friend,<br>

>Dr. Samuel Loomis"<br>

> "So, what you're telling me is this Dr. Loomis guy knew all about Michael Myers?" Sheryl walked up to the group, finally, after asking this question.<br>

> "Yes," responded Tommy, "He treated Michael Myers for fifteen years at Smith's Grove, right until his escape in 1978. He tried to kill him once and for all that Halloween night, but both he and Myers survived. Halloween 1988. Ten years later, Michael and Loomis both reemerge. Michael kills again, and Loomis tries to stop him. Then another year passes, and it happens again. Then, a few more years, until 1996, when he came back to Haddonfield, and Loomis tried once and for all to finish Michael, so did I, and Kara and Danny. But he came back, he always comes back."<br>

> "Then two years later Michael came back for me and my mother at my boarding school," said John, who was standing there sitting on a table, looking to the group. "He killed some of my friends before it was all over. He also got that Marion Whittington woman, who was there that night with Dr. Loomis when Michael escaped. Then, three years go by, everything is quiet, and Michael strikes again. He killed my mother, and all but two people involved in this internet reality show, Dangertainment. He's killing anything and anyone that could possibly get into his way."<br>

> "He killed my entire family," said Kara, who was now getting into it. "My fatherâ€| my motherâ€| my brother and his girlfriend, Michael savagely and brutally killed each and every one of them. I was almost killed by him, but Tommy and Dr. Loomis saved us. My son, Daniel, is now in school as I may have mentioned earlier, and Stephenâ€| a trusted friend brings them home. We make sure no one can find us."<br>

> "That's not true," said Chris, sitting there, who this entire time was facing the door.<br>

> "What do you mean," asked Molly, who stood there holding her stomach.<br>

> "You're not careful enough. He's here."<br>

> "Whose here?" Tommy asked, looking to him.<br>

> Chris' head slowly turned around, focusing upon the group. His face seemed rather pale, as he looked to all of them. He did not speak; he just sat there, looking to them.<br>

> "Who is here," asked Gina, now, with a firm voice.<br>

> "The man in black."<br>

> "The man in black," Kara said under her breath, as if a bad image.<br>

> "The man in black," asked Tommy, looking to him.<br>

> "Yes, the one who talks to me late at night. He's here. He followed the Jeep the entire way up here, and I didn't say anything, because the man in black told me not to. He told me to do things, bad thingsâ€| he told me to kill all of you."<br>

> "Jesus, stop making up stor-"  
<br>

> "Michael's here," Chris said, as the door of the command center suddenly swung open, and the form of the Shape stood there, looming over Chris, who just sat there, looking to all of them with a weird look in his eyes, which his eyes seemed to go dead, and his smile turned into a slight straight face.<br>

> "You," Tommy said, looking right at Michael, as they both seemed to have a stare down of epic proportions. "This is where it ends Michael, this is where you die once and for all."<br>

>Chapter 11<br>

> Tommy lifted up his shotgun, pointing it at Michael. "You son of a bitch, you're going to hell." He pulled the trigger. Click. The gun

was empty. He looked down at it, dropping it to the floor. Michael slowly stepped into the room, in a direct path for Tommy. He lifted the blade from behind him into the air; just then, a gun shot went off, hitting the Shape, knocking him backwards. John walked up beginning to pursue him, firing off another shot. As he got within close range, he put the gun up to Michael's temple. Click. It was empty.<br>

> Michael took this free chance, plunging the blade into John's side. "No, John," cried Molly, in total fear. John dropped down to the floor, as Michael pulled the knife from his side. Sheryl jumped straight at Michael, an ax in hand. As she swung it, Michael caught it with his free hand. On pure strength, he knocked it back, the handle going into her mouth, plunging out back through the back of her head. Michael then pulled it free, holding the ax. Chris jumped in the way, looking to him. Michael stood there, lifting up the ax.<br>

> "Run Chris, run!" Gina cried as she went for him. Michael stopped, as the man in black came into the room, several druids ran in grabbing Kara and Molly, holding them, while two others gave them injections, knocking them out almost immediately, both hitting the floor at almost the same time. Two men came in, grabbing both Gina and Chris, pulling them out. As Tommy tried to stop them, the man in black stood there, looking to him.<br>

> "Wynn," Tommy said, looking him directly in the eyes. "I thought you were deadâ€¦"<br>

> "Funny how life worksâ€¦ not only does the power of the Thorn regenerate Michael, but also his controllerâ€¦ myself.<br>

> "You son of a bitch."<br>

> "Mr. Doyle, come, join as, you don't need to needlessly die like the rest of these people." Just then, two younger children, one about 8, the other in his teens, are forced into the house. "Ahhâ€¦ Daniel and Stephenâ€¦ nice to see you two." Wynn walks up to the younger boy, Stephen, tearing open his shirt. The mark of Thorn was still a visible scar upon him. However, Wynn's hand touched it, and suddenly, as though it had never even been there, it vanished. Stephen fainted, hitting the ground.<br>

> "What did you do to him," cried Tommy, who was now restrained by two men.<br>

> "The power bestowed to him was not worth it. We don't need Michael anymore, we have Gina and Chrisâ€¦ Chris shall now control the power of Thorn.<br>

> "You son of a-" he was hit over the head, and fell to the floor, passing out.<br>

>Chapter 12<br>

> Tommy woke up a few short hours later, Molly and Kara standing over him. He sat up quickly, looking to both of them.<br>

> "Karaâ€¦ whatâ€¦"<br>

> "He took them both," she said to him, "Wynn has both of them, Gina and Chris."<br>

> "Johnâ€¦ I can't believe he'sâ€¦"<br>

> "The good news Tommy," Molly said, looking to him, "John is still alive. He's in the hospital, we were quick enough to get him rushed to there."<br>

> "What about Stephen, Dannyâ€¦?"<br>

> "Both are all right, Stephen passed out, but is fine. Danny is just worried his younger brother might be hurt."<br>

> Tommy looked to both of them. "You two have to get Danny and Stephen out of here. Take John's jeep, and run, far, far away. I can't risk what is about to happen to risk your livesâ€¦"<br>

> "Tommy, you're not planning toâ€¦"<br>

> Tommy stood up, grabbing his hand gun, loading a clip into it. "You two go now." He turned around, tossing a set of keys to Kara, who caught them. "Get out of here, now. Take them both far away. I'm going backâ€¦"

> "â€¦To Haddonfield?"

> Tommy gently nodded. Without any further words or anything, Kara and Molly took both Danny and Stephen, getting into the jeep. They took off down the windy road. Tommy walked over to the manuscript, which was laid upon the desk. He picked it up, and began to sift through the pages. He was looking for a possible answerâ€¦ maybe the final piece of the jigsaw puzzle that was Michael Myers weak spot, his one, fatal error. But there seemed to be no existence of one. Only, Michael was stopped once by the runesâ€¦ and this time, he couldn't beâ€¦ his power has changed somehowâ€¦ he's not being controlled like he used to be.

> "Damn it," Tommy screamed, grabbing his coat. He went outside, going to his Jeep. He climbed inside, turning over the ignition. The Jeep roared down the road, right on the same path as the other had gone through when it was coming here to hide, its course on a direct path to Haddonfield.

> After six years, Tommy is going home, making his return to Haddonfield.

>Interlude: Smith's Grove, 1978

> These are a set of diary entries written by the late Dr. Samuel Loomis, shortly before the first set of Halloween murders occurred. This is a series of pages found only days after Michael was first thought of "dead," kept in police custody, until now.

>10 October 1978

> Its been coming up on fifteen years now that I've been treating the Myers patient. It seems that every time I go to evaluate him, his physical spirit, his darknessâ€¦ is like a burning bon fire, I can literally feel his evil spreading like a plague throughout the entire cell. The only time I feel safe is when I have my revolver on me, and I can only sneak that in every so often. However, upon the eve of Halloween, I am transporting the Myers patient, where he will go on trial for the murder of his sister Judith.

> I haven't rested much in the past fifteen yearsâ€¦ ever since I first met Michael as a boy, I knew there was something different about this case. However, what ever Michael sees out there past that window, I can suddenly feel that he is going to soon go for whatever that is. I know this, because Michael whole demeanor has changed. He's seemed to be physically showing attributes that have not previously been showâ€¦ and I've noticed that at some point, he attempted to commit suicide. There is a small scar upon his wrist, its rather odd.

> The Myers patient shows he is a danger to society, and should be taken in extreme care. I am recommending he be sent to Parker's Peak Prison in Stouville, Illinois, where the proper authorities can take care of him, and keep him locked up behind bars, forever. Just where a person this dangerous belongs.

>17 October 1978

> As the trial date comes closer, I'm becoming more and more anxious. I have been attempting to sleep at night, and only to wake up with cold sweats. My body is physically and emotionally drainedâ€¦ but I know once Michael is finally put away, I can rest and relax from all this worrying about that evil somehow getting awayâ€¦ Smith's Grove hasn't, and never will be, equipped to handle such a dangerous case as the Myers patient is. No one understands this case better than I do, and no one can see the danger that Michael Myers really presents. Only I do. It may sound like a old man yammering away about some old

ghost story, however, it's the truthâ€¦ Michael Myers is the most dangerous human being who ever lived.<br>

> I've decided once this is all over I will take a permanent vacation, maybe start a book, telling of the Myers patient. Once this all over, I can finally get some restâ€¦ restâ€¦ that would be niceâ€¦<br>

> The entries stop here and don't start for another four months. During this period, Dr. Loomis is treated at Gordon's General Hospital, in the intensive care unit, after he was horrible burned in the fire after the night of Halloween 1978.<br>

>28 February 1979<br>

> The nightmare seems to finally be over once and all for all. I took Michael out only four months agoâ€¦ and I was horribly burned in the fire. Until now, I was not able to even use my hands to their fullest extent, and even now, I struggle to do something as rudimentary as writing. I said it before in my last entriesâ€¦ I can finally rest, Michael is home where he belongsâ€¦ burning in Hell. I finally believe I can relax, knowing the world is safe from Michael Myersâ€¦<br>

> I will put all my efforts into getting my body back to what it once was, to some degree of normalcyâ€¦ and if Michael is to one day return to Haddonfield, by the slimmest marginsâ€¦ I can still feel there is some resonance of evil leftâ€¦ that I will be ready to take him one, once more, and forever, until I can no longer move, or am on my final, dying breath.<br>

> Even if that's at the hand of Michael, I won't ever give up. I swear to the world, on my own soul, I will never give up the fightâ€¦ this fight against evil I have taken part of. It's a fightâ€¦ against the forces of darknessâ€¦ the pure essence of evil and its truest formâ€¦ I'm not really taking on Michael Myersâ€¦ no, that part of his self died many years ago, the night of Halloween 1963, the night he murdered his sister.<br>

> No, the true beast I am fighting is not Michael Myersâ€¦ its Satan, himself.<br>

>Sam Loomis<br>

> This was a final entry in this journal. There began a second journal, its date post marked in the year 1988.<br>

>10 September 1988<br>

> Its been nearly ten years now since that day, that, Halloweenâ€¦ and I've finally started writing again. Maybe these journals I have written will turn into a bookâ€¦ who knowsâ€¦ but, there is a reason I started this journal.<br>

> Ten years have passed, and a lot has changed. Laurie Strode died in a car accidentâ€¦ with her son, John. She left behind one daughter, by the name of Jamie Lloyd. I have a feeling, which was been going deep down in my soul for some time, that Michael's work is not done in Haddonfield. I've been thinking of it for some timeâ€¦ Haddonfield seemed to be a dying town in 1963. Right up until Judith Myers was killed with a butcher knife. Suddenly, Haddonfield became a roaring town. People flocked to the town, seeming to be attracted by it, as though it were some giant diamond. <br>

> Its like Michael needed Haddonfield, as much as Haddonfield needed Michael. Being a small town in Illinois, its turned into a lively town. People denounce Michael as though he were a myth; a fairy tale, passed down, from generation, to generation, changing, evolving, becoming a new and different story each time. But I know the truth, Michael is real, and his power is real. In no way, is Michael Myers still aliveâ€¦ that's impossibleâ€¦ he burned to deathâ€¦<br>

> But then againâ€¦ I survivedâ€¦ and Michaelâ€¦ wellâ€¦ I don't knowâ€¦<br>

> The remaining pages have been torn out of the diary. No one knows who has them, or where they went.<br>

>Back To Haddonfield<br>

>"Michael? It will destroy you too, one day, Michael! This rage which drives you. You think if you kill them all it will go away? It won't! You have to fight it, in the place where it's strongest! Where it all began! If you want to get rid of this rage, Michael, go home, GO HOME! Go to your house! I shall be there waiting for you! You will find her, waiting for you!"<br>

>-Dr. Sam Loomis<br>

>Chapter 13<br>

> Gina slowly woke up in an damp, cold, and dark room. She was lying on a bed, noâ€| a concrete slab. Her hands were bound together above her head, and her feet strapped down on this concrete block. She didn't have the dress on anymore; now, it was more of a tan-ish, dirty, old night gown. Just out of her viewing range, was the blood marks around the neck of the dress. On the back were several slits, with accompanying blood stains. She struggled, attempting to free herself, but to no avail.<br>

> As she struggled, the door in front of her opened up slowly. Out of the darkness came Dr. Wynn, who slowly settled into the room. He lit a torch; and now, the entire room was dimly lit. She could see this was an old cavernous room; as though it had been dug ages ago. The damp smell she caught must have been mold from decaying things; unimaginable thingsâ€| maybe even dead bodies. She cringed upon the thought, as Wynn slowly walked up to her.<br>

> "Hello Gina," he said.<br>

> "Fuck you asshole," she said spitting at him. A light amount of spittle landed on his shoe, which he then rubbed on the floor, a light amount of dirt, or maybe it was dust, no marked his perfectly shiny leather boot. <br>

> "It would be considered necrophilism," he said to her, a hand gently stroking her cheek. "You're the first sacrifice to Samhain under the new recipient of Thorn. You brother, Chris, is the one to save us all."<br>

> "You leave him alone," she cried out, looking to him. "I swear, you do anything to him, I will kill you, you son of a bitch."<br>

> "Oh, you don't have to worry about your brother, within the next few days, this'll all be over." He slowly began to walk away, and back out of the room. He stopped at the door, looking back to Gina. "Oh, and, not that it really matters, but aren't you interested as to why this is happening to you?"<br>

> "Wâ€| why?"<br>

> "You're a relative of Tommy Doyle," he responded. "You a direct descendant of his bloodline. His family was chosen next to he taken outâ€| after you, Tommy will be next," he said. He slowly stepped out of the room, as she still struggled, trying to free herself. However, she didn't see in the light behind her, the Shape standing, motionless, and dead quiet, just watching, and waitingâ€|<br>

>Chapter 14<br>

> "'â€|he was purely and simplyâ€| evil.'" These words Tommy read straight from the manuscript, as the Jeep ripped down the road. "'He had the blackest eyesâ€| the devil's eyes.'" Tommy read all of what Dr. Loomis had placed within the manuscript. "There has to be something," he said to himself, "something."<br>

> As the Jeep roared down the road, it bumped up, and something slid out of the manuscript. He looked as it had fallen right in front of his feet. As he reached down to grab it, his attention was turned from the road. When he came up, the blinding lights of a 18 wheeler

made Tommy temporarily unable to see; as the horn of the truck tooted, Tommy swerved off to the side of the road, just missing the 18 wheeler by a few centimeters. The Jeep came to a halt, as Tommy stopped. He looked down at the papers which had been the cause of all this trouble.<br>

> He opened it up slowly, and began to read:<br>

> "Thorn, Curse of.<br>

> In the ancient druidian culture, there were 31 tablets, or runes, that represented a part of nature and the world itself. The rune, Thorn, as a curse of death and destruction, placed one person, from generation to generation, controlling their body, another man would be able to control it, until he has carried out his task; the senseless murder of each individual member of his (or her) family line. The curse cannot be broken, however, if can be lifted if there is a second candidate to replace the one who is afflicted by the curse of Thorn, and a new control host.<br>

> In turn, however, the original carrier of the curse of Thorn must be sacrificed in order to complete the ceremony. However, if the sacrifice is not made, Thorn cannot continue, and the curse will vanish forever. This would mean the families of those who were within the druidic cult would be in danger from the beast of Samhain; an old God that the ritualistic holiday Halloween was based around. However, in order to tide the spirits, every Halloween, when the constellation of Thorn appears, is when he who is inflicted shall appear. <br>

> Yet, if a second rune is used, he who is inflicted with Thorn may continue his work past the night of Samhain-<br>

> Tommy stopped reading, looking at these notes. He realized, finally, what they were.<br>

> The answer he needed, everything, was right here.<br>

> He was finally prepared for the final battle, or rather, finally had that final piece he needed.<br>

> "Dr. Loomis," he spoke to himself, looking up into the sky. "I know you're with me on this one, I can feel you. Michael is going to hell, once and for all."<br>

>Chapter 15<br>

> "The ritual of Thorn shall beginâ€ now." Wynn's voice said loud, as several gathers were now within the dark and cramped, room, where Gina was help. She began to scream, but her voice was drowned out by the chants of the druid cult members. The door slowly slid open, a young boy walking in, dressed in a clown costume. It was Chris. One of the cult members slowly placed a eye mask over his head. As he stood there. Wynn walked to Michael, and looked up into his eyes.

"Your work is finally done here Michael. Give me the knife."<br>

> Michael, with no hesitation, handed Wynn the butcher knife. He proceeded to walk over to Chris, placing the knife within his hands. Chris seemed changed, not his self. His eyes; they weren't there normal green, as Gina could see. They were the blackest eyes she'd ever seen. The devil's eyes. "Oh, God, Chrisâ€ please, speak to me!"<br>

> Nothing, not a word from Chris. Dr. Wynn proceeded to take Chris' right hand, wrapping his hand around it. A dark black light seemed to go from Wynn's hand into Chris' wrist, and as Wynn pulled back, the mark of Thorn appeared upon Chris' wrist, much to the horror of Gina. Wynn returned up to the main altar, opening a small box. He removed a dagger; the blade was long and sharp; with small marks of old ages, maybe a language. Maybe, as Gina though, those were the runes Tommy had spoken of. The handle had a dragon on it, two green emeralds within the eyes. He turned and went to Michael, who stood there, motionless. He turned around, his voice, commanding Chris. "Kill for him." Chris lifted up the knife, and began to head toward Gina, who

began to struggle. <br>

> "Chris, pleaseâ€| stop thisâ€|" He continued closer, each step coming closer to Gina, and soon, he stood right beside her, the butcher knife inches above her flesh.<br>

> "Kill for him," shouted, his face with a small smile stretching across it. Right up until the door was busted down, and everyone's attention was turned toward it. It was Tommy. He began to run into the room, before several guards grabbed for him, trying to hold him down. He fought them, getting a few punches off, but the numbers caught up to him, and three guards secured him in place.<br>

> "Chris," he said, looking to him. "You have the power to stop this," he said. "Wynn doesn't control you, he can't, because he can only control one person, and right now that's Michael. You can stop this Chris, before its too late."<br>

> "Shut up," screamed Wynn, going up to Tommy and punching him. "You're an uninvited guest, however, you too may take part in the festivities."<br>

> "Wynn, this ends here."<br>

> "I do believe you're right," Wynn replied, going up to Chris. "Kill her. Kill for him, Chris."<br>

> Chris lifted the blade once more, as Wynn stood kneeling beside him. Chris looked to his sister, and then turned to Wynn, and back. "Gina," he spoke, with a weak voice. He lowered the blade down. Wynn grabbed him and shook him. "What are you doing," he cried. "Kill her, now!"<br>

> Chris' head looked up. His eyes were still as black as they had been before. He quickly raised the blade into the air, and brought it down, right into Wynn's chest. Wynn slowly fell back, as Chris backed up. With the free chance he got, Tommy threw off the two guards, and ran to Gina, untying her. As if waking from a deep sleep, Michael raised his head. His eyes were now just two black spheres; nothing more. With a new agenda, he proceeded toward the two nearest guards, grabbing both of them by their heads, and smashing them together, both of their heads exploding within his grip. Chris dropped the knife, and slowly backed away. Michael proceeded, picking up the knife. The druids began to try and get away, but Michael took quick care of them. He grabbed one, plunging a knife deep into his back. As ripped the blade out, and in one fluid motion, took off another mans head. A woman ran by Michael, as he grabbed her by the throat. He lifted her into the air, as he began to fight to breath. He snapped her neck as though it were a meaningless twig, letting go of her, and the body falling to the floor.<br>

> Tommy grabbed Gina and Chris, and ran by Michael, who did not stop them. He only continued to mutilate the others. As Tommy was pushing his way through the crowd, someone grabbed him by the wrist. It was Wynn. Using the dagger, he cut his hand, and as Tommy pulled away, Wynn fell backwards. Tommy watched as Wynn's body slowly began to age at an accelerated rate; it began to shrivel up from its broad shouldered strong man look. The sink slowly sunk off, the sound of tearing flesh could be heard, as blood spilled onto the floor. Wynn's body was now just a skeleton; and with one cool breeze of cool air, it all disintegrated. Tommy grabbed them, getting them outside. He grabbed Chris' right wrist, looking to it. The mark was gone.<br>

> "Lets get the fuck out of here," Gina said, as they ran for the jeep. However, Tommy stopped, as soon as they arrived at the Jeep. He grabbed his wrist, lowering down to the ground, screaming.<br>

> "Tommy! What's wrong?" Gina cried, looking to him.<br>

> "Get away from me," he said, in a voice as though he were in agonizing pain.<br>

> "Tommyâ€|"<br>



> "I said get away!" He lifted up his head. Gina's mouth nearly dropped. Tommy's eyes had turned completely black; his voice had turned as though it were the devil who was speaking to her. "Get away from here, now!" He pulled his hand away from his wrist, the mark of Thorn now appearing in it. She forced Chris into the car, pushing him inside. She turned on the ignition. <br>

> "Tommyâ€|" she gently spoke, turning on the car. She put it into gear, driving off as fast as she could. Tommy slowly turned around, walking back towards the old building. As soon as he entered, right to his side, was an old fire ax. He punched his hand right through the glass cover, pulling the ax out. His hand was covered with small cuts, which then seemed to disappear out of no where. Tommy began to walk straight back to the room, to take on Michael, one last time.<br>

>Chapter 16<br>

> Tommy slowly entered the building, firmly holding the fire ax within his right hand. He glanced around at the old hall ways, which seemed to stretch for miles in any direction. He looked down the path which he had come, his black orbs seeming to be able to see straight through the walls. He took both of his hands, gripping the ax as tight as he could, feeling it slowly splinter within his mammoth grip, heading back in the direction from which he had come from. He slowly walked into the room, as a body flew out, smacking into the wall, as a light amount of blood spread upon the wall. Tommy slowly walked in, seeing Michael finishing off the last of the followers.<br>

> "Michael," he said, Michael's attention coming up to Tommy. "Lets dance." Tommy ran in, swinging his ax, hitting Michael on the side. Michael merely looked to him, side arming Tommy, knocking him to the floor. Michael pulled the ax loose, tossing it aside. Michael slowly grabbed Tommy, lifting him up. As he lifted up the knife, Tommy ducked out of the way, as Michael swung it, Tommy got a small cut upon his right cheek. He fell to the ground, as Michael continued his relentless assault. As Michael stood above Tommy, he lifted up the knife, only to have it knocked out of his hand by Tommy's foot. Michael gave him a maddening glare, as he pulled him up, lifting him into the air, tossing him into the wall. Tommy hit it, falling back to the ground almost immediately, as a layer of dust slowly billowed away from the wall which seemed to have not been touched for many years.<br>

> Michael went back to work on Tommy, picking him up, and throwing him to the alter, Tommy's body breaking right through it. As he tried to get back up, he struggled, as Michael went to pick up his knife. However, he found something far more interesting. He gently picked up the ax, lifting his head, as Tommy stood up. Michael slowly began to walk toward him.<br> "Get down," a voice cried out, as Michael turned around, and Tommy dropped to the floor. A gunshot was heard, ricocheting off the wall, another, this time connecting to his chest, another to his arm, as he dropped the ax to the floor. The last one struck him in the head, as he flew back, hitting the floor with a loud crash. The man walked in, hurrying up to Tommy. "You okay?"

> Tommy looked up to the man, a surprised look within his face. "Holy shitâ€| John."<br>

> John looked to him with a smile. "In the flesh. Lets get out of here." As they both stood up, they were in shock. Michael's mask lay upon the floor, in a small pool of blood. Where Wynn had been previously lying, nothing was there but dried up blood. John slowly approached the mask, picking it up, and looking to it. "Fuck," he said, as he lifted the mask to Tommy. A small piece of the mask was missing; he'd merely grazed Michael.<br>

>Chapter 17<br>

> Michael gently came up the street, having used the jeep John had drove up in when he came to the old Smith's Grove building. He pulled right up to his old house, looking to it. Michael slowly stepped out of the Jeep, his face hidden within the darkness. He walked slowly up to the front door, his hand gently gripped the old knob which he'd opened so many times before. He pushed the door open, as he came up to the old stair well, slowly proceeding up it. His bloody hand left prints upon the banister rail, as he came up to his sister Judith's old door. He quickly pushed it open, walking up to the bed, swinging the ax, as he chopped away at the bed. Five times he swung, and upon finishing, he tilted his head, his hand moving the blanket away. Just pillows.<br>

> "Hey, asshole," said Gina, looking to Michael as he quickly spun around. "Go to hell!" She almost stopped upon the sight of Michael at this point. His face was exposed, he was not wearing a mask anymore. His face was horribly scarred; it was a mesh of blackened flesh and scarred tissue. He looked to her, his eyes dead set upon her body, with a indefinite intent to kill. As he began to approach her, she pulled up a pump shotgun. She pumped it once, firing it off, knocking Michael backwards. She pumped it again, sending another spread of shotgun pellets into Michael. He hopped backwards, attempting to keep his balance. She pumped it one last time, firing off a shot, Michael falling backward, and straight through the window, his body falling to the ground. She ran up to the window, looking down, at Michael, whose body lay lifeless outside the smashed window. She heard steps outside her door, as she turned around, pumping the shotgun one more.<br>

> It was Chris, wearing the costume. He slowly walked in, as Gina dropped the shotgun to the floor, as she ran up to him, giving him a hug. "Its over," she said, "Chris, Michael's gone, its all over." She hugged him, looking to him. He wasn't responding; just dead silence. He was wearing a stupid little eye mask over his eyes, and had something behind his back.<br>

> "What'cha got there," she said, peeking behind his back.<br>

>Chapter 18<br>

> The car made its way into Haddonfield, as John drove. He clutched his injured side, which he had received a possibly mortal wound to. He lightly grunted, holding it tight with his hand. "Damn it, John, drive faster," cried Tommy, looking to him. "We don't have much time!"<br>

> "I am going as fast as I can," he said, looking to Tommy. "If a cop spots us, he'll know we stole this car, and then Gina and Chris have no chance at all." The car zipped through a turn, coming down a dark street, coming to a screeching halt, stopping in front of the Myers house. They through open the car doors, running toward the house.<br>

> As they ran out of the car, they quickly looked over to the side yard. There, in a pool of his own blood, lay Michael Myers, as they suspected to be very much dead. Tommy slowly walked over to the body, looking to it. "Good God," he spoke, putting his hand over his mouth, slowly backing away from it.<br>

> They looked up almost instantly as they heard a scream of terror, as they both ran into the house, and up the stairs, stopping instantly. "Gina," called out John, looking around the place he'd never seen before and only heard stories off. Tommy looked around for any sign of trouble or break in.<br>

> "Gina! Chris! Where are you!" Chris slowly walked out, looking down to them. He was covered in blood; and was holding a sharp, bloody,

kitchen knife within his other hand. John ran up to him, as Tommy fell to the floor, in a fetal position, screaming. There, on the floor, lied Gina, in a pool of her own blood. He backed away, and to the window, looking out it for a brief instant, finally looking down, in horror. Wynn stood below, loading Michael into a van, as John tried to give chase, but it was absolutely no use at all. They sped off into the night, through the old street, away from the house. It was useless.<br>

> Michael was gone. <br>

> The evil had escaped once again. <br>

>Interlude: Ridgemont Federal Sanitarium, 1988<br>

> The next set of diary entries aren't for another 10 years or so. Dr. Loomis began work at a Federal sanitarium, taking care of what was considered a non-threat patient; Michael Myers, who survived the night of the explosion, just ten years earlier.<br>

>17, September, 1988<br>

> Its been ten years, coming up in a month, ten years since that Halloween night. Ten years since I saved Laurie Strodes' life twiceâ€| only to failâ€| she's died recentlyâ€| about a year ago I still can't believe itâ€| my mind has such vivid memoriesâ€| I remember standing there, with the lighter in my hand, as the entire room exploded. I remember the smellâ€| the horribleâ€| rotten smell of burning fleshâ€| not of Michael but of my ownâ€| I felt my skin bubble up, like it were an over cooked hot dogâ€| and I could feel the blisters appear, and explode upon my flesh, and I remember thinking, "If I am to die right here and right now, I would go to hell just to bring Michael down with me." But I survived, and so did that monster.<br>

> There truly is no rest for the wicked, is there? As I said before, Laurie is dead now. She died in a wreck with her son and husband. The only person left of the Myers line, other than the comatose Michael, is Jamie Lloyd, the daughter of Laurie, niece of Michael. She's safe for now, under the protection of a foster home. I can safely say right now, Michael is no longer a threat to anyone, hopefully the son of a bitch will choke on a feeding tube and die a long, horrible, and slow death, like a murderer like that deserves to.<br>

>30, October, 1988<br>

> As I write this, I am being drive to Haddonfield by a old preacher of God. Michael escaped, killing moreâ€| and I know where he is headed. After Laurie's daughter, Jamie Lloyd. She isn't safe right now, no one is in Haddonfield. I must get there, and try to put an end to Michael's reign of terror. <br>

> He just blew up an entire gas station, destroying my car, and killing three innocent workers. He's hungry to murderâ€| for deathâ€| and I know where he will find itâ€| in Haddonfield.<br>

>14, May, 1988<br>

> Michael, just on Halloween night, took several pellets of shotgun fire, and fell into a deep trench, where he lay dormant. Upon a search of it, we found no evidence of Michael whatsoever, just a path leading out through the Dead River. They say it's impossible for anyone to not drown in that River, but is it not also impossible for a person to take 8 bullets into his body, and get up and walk away?<br>

> Michael is not dead, he will return to Haddonfield, in search of the Lloyd girl. He killed too many this timeâ€| cops, childrenâ€| too many died this night of terror. Its too much. Michael once again tried to end my life, but couldn't. He is playing with meâ€| I'm like a pawn to him, in his game of evilâ€| which I have no idea why he plays it soâ€|<br>

> The Lloyd girl attempted to kill her mother, she went just like

Michael did, and is now in the Haddonfield Children's Clinic, where she is a mute. Rachel, her step sister, is in care of her at this point, along with her adopted parents. I remember that night, seeing her with a bloody costume, and those scissors. I didn't see Jamie Lloyd standing there, not her at allâ€¦ I saw an eight year old boy, named Michael, who had just murdered his sister. I wanted to end the girls life, right then and there, I had the gun out stretched, ready to pull the trigger, but Sheriff Meeker stopped meâ€¦ Michael has a power over Jamie, one I've never seen before in my entire life, such a strong bondâ€¦ not even 15 years of medical treatment could break it.<br>

> These journals were recently uncovered at Marion Whittingham's house, where Dr. Loomis stayed until the day he died in 1997. Several other journals were recorded to have gone missing, and to this day, have yet to have been foundâ€¦<br>

>The Haddonfield Conspiracy<br>

>"For fifteen years, I've been obsessed to find out what was going on inside of him. It's been my life workâ€¦ and my ultimate failure. This force, this thing that lived inside of him came from a source too violent, too deadly for you to imagine. It grew inside of himâ€¦ contaminating his soul. It wasâ€¦ pure evil. I knew what he wasâ€¦ but I never knew why."<br>

>-Dr. Sam Loomis<br>

>Chapter 19<br>

> "Its Halloween, its Halloween," cried the young children, as they ran from the school building which had just let out. The date was October 31st, 2004. Halloween. A year later from that fateful day. Down an old street, sat the Myers home, which was now completely abandoned, and returned to its destroyed state as it had been for many years past. Gina sat in her car, looking up to the old house, then turning away from it. Her memory flashed with imagesâ€¦ Glenâ€¦ her fatherâ€¦ Sheryl, Bunny and Sammy, all dead, all gone. Their images had never left her mind after an entire year. She started up the car, and drove to the newly refurbished Smith's Grove, which was now under the title of "Warren County Asylum."<br>

> "Its been a year," she said to herself, turning the car into the parking lot. "It's been a year. Chris has to be better, he just has to." She gently unbuckled her seatbelt, and left the car.<br>

> She swiftly entered the building, and walked up to the desk clerk. "Chris Harting," she said, and was directed up to a room. She slowly pushed open the large door, walking in, closing it behind her. There was her brother, sitting there, just staring out the window. He gripped her side, looking to it. The scar still remained a reminder of that night.<br>

> "Chris, it's me, Ginaâ€¦" she slowly walked up to him, placing her hand upon his shoulder. "Its all rightâ€¦ I know and understand what happened. Don't let this take you, Chris, you're too strong for it. Break the evil, let it dieâ€¦ come back to me." She hugged him, and just looked to him. No reaction, no movement. She slowly stood up, and headed out of the room, and took one peek back. "I'll see you later, Chris." She stepped out the room, letting the door close behind her.<br>

> Chris' head slowly turned to the door, as it closed. His eyes had changed. There was a new nothingness to them; a simple, yet complex, nothingness within his eyes. He turned his view back to the window, looking out, looking toward the town, looking toward Haddonfield, looking, waiting, watchingâ€¦ for his fate was soon about to change.<br>

>Chapter 20<br>

> She once again came down the street to her old home. The car

stopped right before the house, as Gina watched in silence, as a group of youth's placed a pumpkin on the porch of the old house. She pulled into the driveway, her eyes still resting upon the house. It had returned to a state somewhat that it had originally been back in 1978; run down, destroyed, shudders hanging on by a mere nail. A creepy aura surrounded the house, it seemed to have a presence within itself; something ancient, somethingâ€¦ evil.<br>

> She pushed open her car door, gently sliding out of the drivers seat. She took slow steps around her car, and barely noticed her body having a slight shiverâ€¦ not because of the cold air, but because of pure fear. She came upon the front yard, heading up the stairs onto the porch, standing in front of the door. She looked to the mailbox, as it had been filled to the brim with old letters stuffed within it, and long forgotten. As she reached for the door knob, she gripped it as it came into her hand. The door knob suddenly came out of her hand, as the door swung open, and a form came out. Gina jumped back, looking to the shape that appeared.<br>

> "Oh, jeez, Gina, I'm sorry."<br>

> "Oh, what are you doing here Mr. Strode?"<br>

> "I was checking it out, there is a potential buyer." Mr. Strode was an older man, in his sixties, with curly white hair. He had old brown eyes, eyes that you could tell had seen many things, been through many events, seen parts of the world that most may not see in a lifetime. He had a bit of a pot belly, and wore a gray business suit, with a white undershirt, and a black tie, with a small gold pin attached. "But I'm really sorry I scared you."<br>

> "No no Mr. Strode, its my fault, I'm sorryâ€¦"<br>

> "Well anyway, its Halloweenâ€¦ I guess everyone is entitled to one good scare."<br>

> "What did you say?" Gina seemed to turn pale then, but tried to hide the fear that she felt inside.<br>

> "I said it's Halloween, and everyone should get one good scare in before its over."<br>

> "It's Halloweenâ€¦ I didn't even realize."<br>

> "Well, you haven't looked around much? Kids in costumes, all the decorations, the cold feeling in the air, that jack-o-lantern over there on the porch." He pointed over to it, as Gina caught a glimpse of the Shape standing there on the porch on the opposite side of them, as she screamed and jumped back, falling down the stairs. Mr. Strode ran to her.<br> "Gina, Gina, are you okay?" she asked, helping her up. Gina looked back over to the porch, but could see nothing. It was as though no one was there at all.

><br> "Like you said, its Halloweenâ€¦ I guess I'm entitled to be scared all the time."

><br> Mr. Strode just laughed it away. "All right Gina, I'll see you later, okay?" He begins to walk away, and then turns around. "Are you going to be there tonight?"

><br> "Where," she asked, still focused on the porch where the Shape had stood.

><br> "The party. The one over on Elm Street. At the Parker's house?"

><br> "Oh, yeahâ€¦ I guessâ€¦"

><br> "My daughter is going to be there, I know she's two years your younger, but could you keep an eye on her?"

><br> "Yeah, I'll be sure to do thatâ€¦"

><br> "Thanks, Gina. Oh, and happy Halloween." Mr. Strode walked to a car with "Strode Reality" written across the side.

><br> "Yeah," she spoke to herself under her breath. "Happy Halloween." She slowly walked back to her car, getting inside, and turning over the ignition, and driving off back down the street. But

what she didn't see was the form standing up in the second floor window, watching the car, moreover, watching her, as she left.

><br> Mr. Strode looked up into the window on the second story, seeing something. "What the fuck," he said to himself. "I checked this place outâ€¦ probably some damn trick or treater playing a Halloween prank." He got out of his car, and slowly went back up the porch, which the door slowly opened up for him. He peeked inside looking around at the empty house, seeing the wooden planks covering a hole right in the main hallway, from where the body had fallen so long ago.

><br> He came to the stairs, and quietly stepped up, pulling out a large flashlight, turning it on. "Who's in here?" He slowly came to the second story, walking through the hall turning back as he came into an enclosed space of the hall, looking back the other way. He didn't see the form slowly walk behind him, into another room. He quickly turned around, but found nothing. He walked back into the hall once again, as he came to the room, looking in, as his cellular went off, which gave him a startle. He grabbed for his chest, then laughed it off, picking it up and turning it on.

><br> "Hello?â€¦ Oh, hi honey, yeah its meâ€¦ mmhmmâ€¦ yeah, I should be some shortly." He slung the flashlight over his shoulder, the light flashing upon a form standing in the background of the room. "Yeah, see yaâ€¦ bye-bye." He ended it with a kiss sound, and then turned it off, putting it back into his pocket. He turned around to look into the room once more, and still, nothing. He sighed, as he headed back out. Then, from behind him, a shovel comes down, right through the center of his head, splitting it into to halves. Only a gush of blood flew out, as the shovel went down further, splitting the man in half.

><br> The shovel dropped to the floor, as did the two halves of this person who was once as man, as the form just walked away, back down the stairs.

><br>Chapter 21

><br> The sun slowly set down on the town of Haddonfield. Kids rushed through the streets, and up to houses, collecting endless supplies of candy, for which would be gone within three days afterward. The hopped, walked, skipped, all merrily, down the street. It had been some time since this had been seen, many years before. Halloween had been remembered as a night of mayhemâ€¦ and now people wanted to remember it as a night of fun, and festivities.

><br> There are, of course, those who still remember those nights, those nights he came home, when dozens were killed, bodies, and human life, all left out in a relentless bloodbath orchestrated by Dr. Wynn by the power of Thorn.

><br> Tommy sat in his Jeep, right across the street from the Myers house. He gave it an evil glare, remember those nights, those nights Michael Myers came back to Haddonfield. How could he forget? They were forever burned images into his subconscious. He looked to the house, the rundown house, and back down at his wrist, which he saw the scar from the mark of Thorn still very much present. He slipped over his coat, to cover it up, as he always did. He opened up the glove compartment, and pulled out a small, red bag, which he threw right back inside. He looked to the house, and gave it one last glance, as he turned over the cars ignition, and putting it into drive, and going back down the road.

><br> What he did not see was the Strode reality car parked right outside, as it had been blocked by old, overgrown bushes of years past. And also, what he did not see, the form walking down the street, as several cars whizzed by it, not seeing it for what it

really was.

><br>Chapter 22

><br> A loud blasted as Gina slowly walked into the house. People stood all around, either chit-chatting or dancing, as the song "He's Back (The Man Behind the Mask) blasted through two large speakers in the living room. Gina walked up to a young man.

><br> "Hey John, I love the partyâ€| its great."

><br> "Thanks," he gently spoke. John had a bit of a slur in his speech, but he was rather hansom, as Gina though. He had brown eyes, and rather short and sticking up brown hair. He wore a varsity jacket, as several party goers moved their way through the house, and past the two.

><br> "You usually hate doing parties," she said, looking to him a bit happy.

><br> "Yeah, well, times change, as do people. We all have something traumatic happen to us at one point or another, and I suppose it changes who we are. Enough to deal with for one life time."

><br> "Well, I've had that happen to me alreadyâ€| enough for two life times." Gina turned her head away, looking around at the guest, several of them on the move.

><br> Two rather happy teens walked up the flight of stairs, and into a bedroom, and closed the door behind them. They fell onto the bed, and began to make out. What they didn't see was a form standing in the room with them. It slowly walked out toward them, raised a knife into the air, and brought it down.

><br> There was a scream that the whole party heard, especially Gina, who turned in horror. She and John hurried up the stairs, and swung open the door. There, in the bed, were the two teens, lying in the bed, covered in blood. John backed away, as Gina began to walk closer, when a shape slowly came out from the dark, holding a bloody knife. Gina screamed backing away.

><br> Then, there came a laugh. Then another, followed by another. The two sat up in the bed, and the shape pulled off his mask, revealing a young blonde haired man beneath. "We really got you," he laughed, as did the other two. Gina's eyes slowly filled with tears, as she turned and hurried off.

><br> John looked to the blonde haired man. "Jim, that wasn't right, that just wasn't right." He slowly turned around, and headed back toward where Gina headed, following after her. The party goers return to the way they were.

><br> Gina walked out to her car, and fumbled with her keys, trying to open the door. John came from behind her. She turned around, frightened.

><br> "Gina, its okay."

><br> She began to fight him, hitting her fists against him, each blow weaker than the last. She then fell into a hug, as she tried to hide her long and gargled sobs, her face streaming with tears. John grabbed the car keys, and opened the door, walked around to the passenger side, and got in. Gina sobbed slowly, looking to him.

"Butâ€| your partyâ€|"

><br> "It'll wait, we should take a drive and talk." John handed her the keys, and that was enough for Gina. She climbed into the car, and slammed the door. The car started up, and drove off into the night.

><br> The three pranksters headed off in a pick up, the couple in the compartment of the vehicle, while their masked compatriot sat in the back, laughing, as the vehicle moved its way down the road.

><br> The one in the back stood up and screamed, "Fuck yeah, I'm Michael fucking Myers, be afraid all you pussies!" he laughed, as the other two just drove and made out, not paying much attention to the

antics of their friend in the back. He turned around, and saw something. There was a small canvas, covering something. He laughed, and, partially drunk, walked over to it. He just looked at it, and kneeled beside it. He reached out his hand, laughing to himself, pulling it away.

><br> Underneath was something he sure as hell didn't expect. A hand reached up, wrapped around his head, turning him around, so he faced away from what it was. A knife then pushed through the back of his head, and right through half of his face. The form pushed the dead carcass away, and stood up. He looked down, realizing where he was. His hand wrapped around a metal pipe, which he wrapped his hand around the end, crushing it, making it rather jagged, and also sharp. The car came to a halt, as the two others started to become hot and heavy. The man sat back, as the woman got on top of him, and began to kiss him.

><br> She didn't have time to react, as a pole plunged through the truck's compartment window, through her boyfriend's head, into his mouth, into hers, and once back, back out, through the back of her head, as blood splattered all upon the windshield. He gently walked over to the other boy, picking up the mask on the ground, and placing it over his face. He ripped the knife out of his skull, and jumped from the truck.

><br> The Shape was back; Michael Myers had returned.

><br>Chapter 23

><br> A young girl, about 16, walks through the party, being bumped around all over the place. She looks all over, finally finding a phone, and dialing her house number. It rings, and rings, and rings, and all she can get is the answering machine, which says "This is The Strode household, leave you name, number, and reason for calling we'll get back to you."

><br> "Damn you dad," she said to herself. This young girl was named Kala Strode. She had long dirty blondish hair, and wore a belly shirt and a rather short and revealing skirt. No, she wasn't really all that much of a bad girl type, actually she was rather shy. Her friend put her up to wearing this, her friend said she'd get attention, and that's what Kala wanted, attention. She always felt rather deprived, her mother took care of her younger sister, and her dad was always off selling a house to someone. God, she didn't ever have a boyfriend to talk to.

><br> She crossed her arms, feeling rather cold, and walking through the party, and to a window. Then, her eye caught something she didn't really believe to see. It was the red truck, from earlier, that she saw leave.

><br> "Oh, great," she said to herself, "those jerks are back." She slowly stepped out of the house, and walked toward the truck. She took soft, gentle steps, and when she got near it, she began to peek over, but was stopped, as a hand grabbed her, pulling her into some bushes. It held her down, with a hand over her mouth.

><br> He then pulled a knife, placing it to her throat. "You scream or anything, I will kill you, got it?"

><br>She couldn't do much else but shake her head and quiver in pure petrified fear. "You just shut your mouth, and keep quietâ€| this won't hurtâ€| too bad." He laughed slowly, holding the young girl down against her will. Then, something unexpected happened. A person ran in, grabbing the man, and pulling him away, as he screamed. Soon, the screams were silenced. She sat up, looking as a blood puddle began to inch its way slowly towards her.

><br> Her eyes began to fill up with tears, as she began to crawl out of the bushes, and right into a man's arms, as she slowly backed up.



><br> "Whoa whoa, I am not gonna hurt you." She backed away from him. "You can trust me."  
><br> She ran to the man, who hugged her. "Okay, what's the matter little one?"  
><br> "S-s-" she could barely speak, her words broken between sobs. "S-someone i-in the bush!" she was still choked up, but barely managed to get those words out of her mouth. The man slowly stepped away and stuck his head in the bush. He looked around inside it.

><br> "I don't see any-" he cut himself off, as he saw it. The attacker, with a large ax plunged into his chest. That ax was removed with a bit of a wet sound, as the ax came back up, and swung. Kala looked as a blood splatter landed out on the street, from the man who helped her. Then, something rolled away slowly, and out to the street. It was a human head. The body fell right there after, hitting the ground, the warm red blood spewing out from the headless body. The Shape came out from the bushes, looking to the girl. She screamed, and ran away from him, in the opposite direction. The Shape did not run; he merely walked after her, as she ran up the street, not being able to scream, her voice choked up. She ran up to a door, and slammed her hands on it, but nothing.  
><br> She ran from that house and down to another, knocking, but still no answer. She ran up the street screaming as she Shape followed her through the seemingly deserted street. She saw a car parked ahead of her, which she ran towards.

><br>Chapter 24

><br> John sat in the car with Gina, as they talked for a long time. It wasn't romantic sex talk; no, it was friendly talk. They spoke of their lives, of their pasts, of time long past. They spoke of Haddonfield, what they wanted to do in the future, until the subject of Michael Myers came up from John.

><br> "â€|No, I don't really wanna talk about that John," Gina said, looking to him.

><br> "Well, why not? I mean, he is our 'claim to fame' around here. Haddonfield would die without Michael Myers." He laughed, and looked to her with a smile, but he could tell she was not amused.

><br> "I wasâ€| attacked by him."

><br> "What?" John asked, looking to her. "Why didn't you ever tell me?"

><br> "Haddonfield has a way of burying things, John," she said, looking to him. "You just moved here about four months agoâ€| last Halloweenâ€| Michael came back here. He killed several students at the local high schoolâ€|"

><br> "Oh Godâ€|" John gently cut in as she spoke.

><br> "â€|they were my friends," she continued, "my boyfriend at the time, Glenâ€| Sheryl, Bunny, Sammy, all dead. They tried to turn my brother into some sort of slave."

><br> "They?"

><br> "Smith's Grove. There was a druidic cult that runs it, and Michael is controlled by a rune called Thornâ€| it gives him his power."

><br> "That sounds like a lot of tom foolery to me, Gina." He laughed, and looked to her. "I really doubt this Michael Myers character is anywhere near Haddonfield, its just too soon for him to come bac-" a hand slammed on the car window, as a girl, with blood on her, stood out of it. She was screaming at them.

><br> "For the love of God, help me!"

><br> "Its another joke," John said.

><br> "No," Gina said, pulling open the door. "That's Kala Strode."

><br> Kala climbed inside the car, looking to them. "Drive as fast as you can now."

><br> "Why," John said to her.

><br> "Michael Myers is after me!"

> John just laughed at this. "Come on, that joke works onceâ€| 'fool me once shame on you fool me twice shame on me.'<br>

> Gina just looked with a dead glare. She turned on the car, and put it into drive. Suddenly a hand slammed into the driver's side window, grabbing for Gina. She screamed, driving the car, knocking the man off them, who rolled around on the ground. She made a quick turn, the car facing the attacker. The man stood up. It was Michael. She put the car in park, and put her foot on the gas pedal. The engine began to build up, and as she released it, the car wheels screeched, and ran straight at Michael, hitting him, throwing him over the car, as it continued down the road, escaping into the night.<br>

> Chris was still in his room, sitting, staring. He sensed something, and turned around. He door slowly moved open, as the man in black slowly walked over to him, handing him a knife. "Kill for him," he said, Chris taking hold of the knife, and walking out of his room, and down the hall, and all the way through The Warren County Sanitarium, to his destination; Haddonfield.<br>

>Epilogue, Loomis' Cabin, 1995<br>

> The following documents are from a manuscript written by the late Dr. Sam Loomis. It is from a completed manuscript he wrote just before the 1995 Halloween night murders.<br>

>The Haddonfield Conspiracy<br>

>A Manuscript by Dr. Samuel Loomis<br>

> I first came to Smith's Grove in 1963. I walked down the long corridors and hallways, until I came to the room I was suppose to be in, the room of a little boy. He didn't have any real reaction to me at all when we first met, or any other time thereafter. He never spoke, he never made a racket like most patients did, he didn't even talk. He was considered a model patient by all those who were at Smith's Grove, for the fifteen years he was there. I treated him all throughout his stay at Smith's Grove.<br>

> This young boy had murdered his sister one night, on Halloween. He wore a clown costume, and watched his sister as she fooled around with her boyfriend. He grabbed a butcher knife, went up to her bedroom, and as she sat at her mirror, and he stabbed her to death. She was 15 years old. Her name was Judith. Judith Myers.<br>

> That patient I spoke of was Michael Myers. I spent the better part of eight years of my career, obsessed with unlocking what was hidden behind this basically comatose boy. Then, one day, I looked him dead into his eyes. I saw something that I never forgot, something I was so petrified of, something that was so horrible, so evil, it will be burned into my mind forever; behind those boys eyes was nothing. A blackness, a blankness; no emotion, no concept of life, death, happiness, sorrow, anger, any of those. There was just nothing. His eyes themselves were blackâ€| the blackest eyes any human can haveâ€| noâ€| they were inhumanâ€| it was the devil's eyes that I saw.<br>

> After the initial eight years, I followed it with another seven trying to keep this boy locked up for what I came to realize was that this was no boy, he wasn't even what would be remotely considered a human being. All he did was stare out with blank eyes, staring out to a place I didn't even realize until it was much too lateâ€| he was staring out to the town of Haddonfield.<br>

> On the night of October 30th, 1978, I was with a nurse, and we were to transport the Myers patient to another minimum security location, where he would go on trial for the murder of his sister. But, when we

arrived, we were shocked to find out all the patients had somehow left their rooms, and came out, and we wandering on the outside of Smith's Grove. I left the safety of the old Ford station wagon to check on what was going on, while the nurse stayed within the vehicle. A patient jumped on top of the wagon, and attacked the nurse. She escaped, but he got away with the station wagon.<br>

> The nurse didn't have any idea who the patient was, but I did. I knew how exactly escaped in that car, and I knew exactly where he was headed. It was Michael Myers, and he was returning home to Haddonfield. <br>

> Throughout my entire career after meeting the Myers patient, I told everyone what he was; an evil force. Something far beyond what could be comprehended; I didn't even understand the complete complexity of Michael Myers psyche.<br>

> Somehow, someone taught Michael how to drive, and he made it all the way to Haddonfield for the fifteen anniversary of his sisters murder; Halloween 1978. He came there, and killed three teenagersâ€¦ Annie Brackett, the daughter of the town's sheriff, a girl named Lynda and her boyfriend William; all of them friends, all killed by Michael Myers. He went for another victim, Laurie Strode, but failed; I arrived just as she ripped off his mask; later I found out he'd been stabbed in the neck with a knitting needle, stabbed in the eye with a untangled metal clothes hanger, and then stabbed in the chest with his own knife, all by Laurie. <br>

> As he slipped on his mask once more, as though it were a shield to him, I shot him, and he flew back into the bedroom of the Doyle house. I ran up, to see him still standing upward, as though he were unfazed by the bullet. I fired six more times into his body, and he fell of the balcony of the Doyle house.<br>

> I remember Laurie Strode's question, and her face, covered in a sheet of tears as vividly as though she were right across from me; "Was that the boogeyman?" were the words she had coked out and had said with a weakened, in mid-sob voice.<br>

> I also remember my answer back to her; "As a matter of fact, it was." When I went to the balcony to see Michael lying on the ground, for the first time, I felt the true feeling of pure fear and anguish. Michael had gotten up, walked away as though he'd merely tripped and fell on a patch of grass. I remember just looking out at the street, and realizing something for the first time; Michael Myers could not die.<br>

> I found Sheriff Brackett combing the streets just a few minutes earlier, and I must have sounded like a lunatic screaming "I shot him six times! I shot him six times and he just got up and walked away!"<br>

> I had been taken away from Haddonfield under the orders of the governor, told to leave Haddonfield, in fear of the destruction of Smith's Grove's unit. I found out Laurie Strode was actually Michael Myers little sister, and I found out the reason why he came to Haddonfield; he came for her. I took hostage the State Trooper, who was escorting me back to Warren County, and we came to the Haddonfield Memorial Hospital, where Laurie had been taken. Myers had chased her all throughout the hospital, still on his killing spree. He killed the Trooper, as me and Laurie ran through the hospital, coming to a room. I handed her a gun, and hid behind the door. Once he came into the room, I went to fire my gun, but it was empty.<br>

> Michael stabbed me in the gut, and I feel away. He didn't pay much attention to me, for I was still alive, hurt and bleeding on the floor. He went for Laurie, who picked up the gun, and put two slugs into his eyes. He swung around like a madman, attempting to kill

Laurie. But I had a plan. I pulled the hoses on a Ether tank, as he came for me. Laurie pulled the hoses of other gases, and it was back and forth, until I told her to run. She made a run for it, as I pulled my lighter from my pocket, and said these words to Michael. "It's the end, Michael." I lit the lighter, and there was a giant explosion, which surrounded both me and Michael.<br>

> I was hoping that Michael Myers would burn in hellâ€¦ but deep down in my heartâ€¦ I knewâ€¦ hell would not have him. Me and him were both rescued from that fire, and taken to get medical treatment. For years thereafter, I was still caring for Michael, watching him, being guardian. The one night I was not informed was the night he finally came out of a coma.<br>

> It was October 30th, 1988. Ten years to the day he first escaped. They were transferring him from the hospital catacombs to the Ridgemont Federal Sanitarium. He never arrived. That morning, Halloween 1988, they found the ambulance, it had all the signs of having an accident, but I knew. He murdered those four, and escaped into the night, to return to Haddonfield. To find, and kill, the remaining members of his familyâ€¦ which was Jamie Lloyd, the daughter of Laurie Strode. <br>

> Laurie had died with her son and husband nine months earlier in a car accident, and Jamie was in care of another family, the Carruthers. She had a step sister now, named Rachel. That night he came back to Haddonfield, I tried to stop himâ€¦ but he cannot be stoppedâ€¦ several more teenagers were killed that night, and he was thought to be dead when he was shot many times, and fell into an old mine shaft, which was then blown into pieces with dynamite.<br>

> We returned to the Carruthers home, and Jamie's step mother set up a bath for Jamie. She picked up a pair of scissors and stabbed her repeatedly. I was about to shoot her, until sheriff Meeker stopped me. From then on, everyone thought it was all over, after they locked up Jamie in a children's home.<br>

> However, I was all the more wiser, and I knew it wasn't overâ€¦ of course it wasn't over. You can't kill Satan, or evil for that matterâ€¦ it won't go away, it won't die. It won't ever die, it will just keep going onâ€¦ until it consumes the entire part of existence.<br>

> The following year, Michael came back. He murdered many more kids this time, but I had a plan. I locked myself in his house, and waited, waited for him to come. I used Jamie as the baitâ€¦ and he took it. He fell for the trap. A large net fell upon him, rendering his movements to a point of non-existence. I shot him with a tranquilizer gun several times, and beat him with a wooden plank, until I fell unconsciously to the ground.<br>

> They took Michael to the Haddonfield Police Station, where he was to be re-transported back to a federal prison, where he was to be locked up for the rest of his life. But the Gods would not have it that way.<br>

> That night, the police station exploded, and the entire force of officers were killed off instantly. Michael and Jamie are believed to be deadâ€¦ but I'm not so sure. I said it before and I'll say it againâ€¦ you can't kill evil, you can only stop it for a short time, but it is inevitableâ€¦ you must eventually face it head on.<br>

> Evil is defined as both "the fact of suffering, misfortune, and wrong doing; a cosmic evil force; something that brings sorrow, distress, or calamity, and causing harm; marked by misfortune; unlucky. Michael Myers, as I've seen in the hours and hours I've spent on him, has proven beyond of a shadow of a doubt, is a evil force that brings sorrow, distress, calamity; destruction to a small town of unlucky residents.<br>

> But the odd thing is, however, on every trip I've made to Haddonfieldâ€¦ I've noticed something about it. I can see him, as Laurie Strode did. Maybe we were given the gift, or maybe it was a curse, to see him. We see what we want to see, we believe what we want to believe.<br>

> To get off backtracking, I've seen in Haddonfield a weird and yet rather odd even that takes placeâ€¦ on Halloweenâ€¦ people tend to forget what happened in years past, and have fun. However, there have been, and still are, residents who look to me funny, as though I were the psychotic murderer. Michael Myers is directly linked to Haddonfield, and I think it works also the same way in another sense.<br>

> Haddonfield, just before Michael Myers killed his sister, seemed to be a dying city as I have read over the years. The day Michael killed his sister on Halloween 1963, Haddonfield became a thriving town once more; every time Michael comes back, Haddonfield seems to grow bigger, stronger, largerâ€¦ just like Michael does. Its as though Michael feeds off Haddonfield, and Haddonfield feeds off of Michael. They are two of a kind; one can not live without the other.<br>

> Michael needs Haddonfield, just as Haddonfield needs Michael. I know it in my heart, like I've known about Michael in my heart, that he's not going to stop, its never going to end, until Michael is finished off once and for all. None of this will endâ€¦ not now, not everâ€¦ I still can feel his evil heartâ€¦ beatingâ€¦ never giving inâ€¦ I can almost read his mind, see what he sees', know what he knows'. Michael Myers will not stop killing, until either he or Haddonfield comes to an end.<br>

> This was the opening of the original manuscript. The remainder of the manuscript deals with several parts of his career, and his life.<br>

>Halloween:<br>

>Reborn<br>

>Completed Friday, November 14th, 2003, at 12:05 am EST <div>

## 2. Appendix A

As per a request on the Halloween: Reborn story, I wrote it in the context of myself being an avid series fan- so in writing as such, I didn't really consider the casual readers. So, here is a complete list of characters, a sort of refresher course on each individual to bring you up to speed:

Lead Characters:

John Tate: (Appeared in Halloween: H20)

John is the son of Keri Tate, better know as Laurie Strode. As of H20, he'd lived with his mother for the last seventeen years, hiding out and pretending to be someone else. After having nearly been murdered by his superhuman uncle, he's joined in the crusade to take down Michael Myers.

Tommy Doyle: (Appeared in Halloween and Halloween: The Curse of Michael Myers)

Tommy had been babysat the night Michael Myers came back to kill his sister Laurie- and even into his adulthood, the shock of what had happened had scarred him for the rest of his life. He began his own personal crusade to find and destroy Michael's power once and for

all, even going as far as to move into the Boarding house across the street from Michael's old home.

After Michael's disappearance on Halloween of 1995, Tommy continued his ever-lasting crusade,

Side Characters:

Kara Strode (Halloween: The Curse)

After having disappeared for five years, she came how to live with her parents, get her life in order, and take care of her child, Danny. But her life was turned upside down, when she found out her families home as that of Michael Myers- the brutal mass murderer, who went on to kill her family. Now, she's in a romantic relationship with Tommy, joining his crusade to once and for all rid the world of the evil presence known as Michael Myers.

Danny Strode: (Halloween: The Curse)

Kara's son. She'd been chosen to become the next carrier of the mark of Thorn, but was soon saved thanks to the work of Tommy Doyle and Dr. Loomis. Now resides with his mother and Tommy in a hidden cabin.

Stephen (Halloween: The Curse)

Jamie Lloyd's child. Was chosen to be Michael's final sacrifice, but was saved thanks to Tommy and Dr. Loomis.

Dr. Terrence Wynn (Halloween, Halloween: The Curse Of Michael Myers)

Dr. Wynn is the head of the Cult of Thorn, and is the Guardian of Michael's great power. He was instrumental in the birth of the Thorn-controlled Michael Myers we know today, as he was the one who chose the next child to bear the Curse and mark of Thorn.

Molly Cartwell (Halloween: H20)

Molly is John's fiancÃ©, and the love of his life.

Important Canonical Characters:

Dr. Sam Loomis: (Halloween, Halloween II, 4: The Return, 5: The Revenge, and 6: The Curse of Michael Myers)

Nothing much is needed to be said for Dr. Loomis. Throughout the series, he's been the one constant, driving force, the only person who can see, and who really knows the evil that Michael Myers is capable of. His collected writings are available throughout the story.

Jamie Lloyd (Halloween 4: The Return, 5: The Revenge, and 6: The Curse of Michael Myers)

Jamie is the first child Laurie Strode had, her second being John. She'd left Jamie in the hopes of later bringing her into the Witness Protection Program that she'd been in, but before she had a chance, she was presumed dead in 1989, only to later resurface years later,

bearing a child named Stephen.

Laurie Strode: (Halloween, Halloween II, Halloween: H20, and Halloween: Resurrection)

One of the few people who has survived Michael's constant onslaught, she learned Michael was actually her own brother soon after she believed he was dead. Twenty years after the original murders, Michael came back for her, but she had believed she'd gotten the better of him- she'd lobbed off a man's head, whom she believed was her brothers. Three years after that, Michael came and found her in an institution, when he finally finished the job- she was murdered days before Halloween of 2001.

End  
file.